THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

February, 1806.

MADAME DE GRAFIGNY.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THIS lady is well known to the literary world as the author of *Lettres d'une Peruvienne*; Letters of a young Peruvian Lady, written principally to her lover.

Francoise d'Issembourg d'Happoncourt de Grafigny was born at Nancy in the province of Loraine, in 1694. She was the daughter of a Lieutenant in the Gendarmerie of the Duke of Loraine. He had been in the French service in his younger years, and was Aid de Camp to Marshal de Boufflers at the famous siege of Namur. Whether to promote his interest at the court of the Duke of Loraine, or for what other motive is not expressly stated, but Mademoiselle d'Happoncourt is represented as being sacrificed to Francis Hugot de Grafigny, Chamberlain to the Duke; a man of a most imperious temper, whose brutal treatment was such, that her life was frequently in danger. She continued to live with him, however, till she had borne him several children, all of whom died very young. Her heroic patience was at last rewarded by her obtaining a legal divorce from her brutal husband.

It is not our design to imitate the French biographers, who generally adorn the subject of their memoirs "with every virtue under Heaven," and represent them as having no faults of any kind whatever: when a married pair are reduced to part, it will too often be found, that there were considerable errors and misconduct on both sides, but in the present instance, it ought to be recorded as a justification of our heroine, that her unworthy spouse ended his days in prison, to which heavy doom the haughtiness of his demeanour contributed as much as his bad conduct.

Madame de Grafigny owed her introduction at Paris to Mademoiselle de Guise of the house of Loraine, who brought her with her when she went to be espoused to the Marshal de Richelieu. Under the patronage of this exalted lady, she got easy introduction into the societies of the literati, which were at that time very fashionable; having once obtained admission, her own talents secured her continuance. She was peculiarly distinguished for the gravity of her deportment, and the solidity of her conversation. About the year 1745 the society to which she was attached, resolved to publish a volume to which every member was to contribute. She produced on that occasion a Spanish novel, which had for its title the following maxim, "A bad Example is productive of as many Virtues as Vices." This exposed her to the animadversions of the critics; which, though she acknowledged she severely felt, she took a better method to silence, than by angry replies; namely, by writing a book which took away from them all power but that of praising her. This was the famous "Letters of a Peruvian," in which are found the most agreeable details, lively images, tender sentiments, ingenious remarks, and the natural language of feeling and passion. The situation of her heroine seems touched with a masterly hand, and calculated to excite the deepest interest, arising from the strait to which she

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is reduced between her lover and her benefactor, between the claims of love and those of gratitude. The great failure is, that the *denouement* does not prove satisfactory; but, alas! how common is this defect! how few are capable of forming a regular connected chain of events that interest as they pass, and conduct to a probable issue, that at once fills the mind with anxious expectation, and leaves it fully satisfied when developed!

Her next production was a little dramatic romance, or dialogue in five acts, called *Cenie*, of that species of writing which the French humorously enough call, *Comèdies larmoyantes*, of which phrase we may give the English reader the meaning by translating it, "Comedies to cry at." Her last piece was another comedy, intitled, "The Daughter of Aristides," which was condemned on its representation at the Theatre. Her former traducers took a cruel advantage of this circumstance, and she one day found the following epigram conveyed under her napkin at table:

Bonne maman de la gente *Cenie*,
A cinquante ans vous fites un poupon;
On applaudit, on le trouva fort bon:
On passe un miracle en la vie.
Mais d'un effort moins circonspect,
Sept ans après tenter même avanture,
Et travailler, encore dans le gout grec,
(Pardon, maman, si la phrase est trop dure)
Je le dis, sauf votre respect,
C'est de tout point vouloir forcer nature.

This is not given for any remarkable point there is in it, for its malice is at least equal to its wit, but, because the death of Madame de Grafigny is said to have been accelerated by the squibs, epigrams, critiques, and such like, that were circulated on the occasion. She was naturally of a thoughtful habit, of considerable diffidence, and a feeling heart. That self-love raised upon her Peruvian Letters would be

severely wounded by her last ill success, and this would sink deep into a mind like hers, she could not say with Pope, when lampoons upon himself were brought him, "These things are my diversion;" though some who have observed his gestures on those occasions, have questioned the sincerity of the declaration. These things, however, were death to Madame de Grafigny; so that neither the honor put upon her by the academy of Florence, who made her an honorary member, nor the friendship of the Emperor Francis I. who allowed her a considerable pension, could ward off the chagrin of this literary disappointment. She is said to have been employed in correcting the last proof sheet of this unfortunate comedy the day of her decease, December 12, 1758, in the sixty-fourth year of her age.

The Letters of a Peruvian have been translated into Italian, and into English under the title of the Peruvian Princess, well known, we doubt not, to many of our fair readers. Her calumniators have trumped up a stupid tale without authority or voucher, that she purchased the Peruvian Princess of a certain Abbé, nobody knows who, and that another Abbé, of a more generous cast it seems, gave her the drama of *Cenie:* it is evident that by assertions like these, many authors of great reputation might be deprived of their well-earned fame. The unfortunate *Fille d'Aristide,* they kindly allowed to be her own. Every judge of style and composition will, nevertheless, trace their affinity, and discover them to be the genuine offspring of the same parent.

We will conclude with an idea of hers which has been thought strongly to express the volatility which forms the characteristic of a Frenchman in the view of foreigners: she says, in one of her early works, that he escaped from the hands of his Maker when, assembling the elements for the formation of man, he had only collected the fire and the air.

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XC.

"Worthy Madam,

"I AM a plain Gloucestershire yeoman, for I occupy my own estate; and though small, it is equal to my moderate wants and wishes. About thirty years ago, I married a worthy dame, like yourself, as I should suppose, who has brought me five children; two boys, and three girls; and who, by her industry and frugality, has assisted in providing for them, and has left me little else to attend to, except the management of the out-door work; for I have always found every thing kept snug and decent within, without any trouble or exertion of my own on that score. My eldest son has been brought up to my own business; and my youngest, being a lively *cute* fellow, has been articled to an attorney: for though I have never cut out work for such gentry, and hope I never shall, yet I see that profession in a very thriving condition, and likely to become more so, as our public and private distresses encrease. Indeed, it is impossible for an uneducated man, like myself, to fill up the papers now circulated for the property and assessed taxes, without having recourse to a limb of the law; and it is almost as difficult to avoid error in making returns, as to find money to pay for the contributions imposed on us from the necessities of the state, owing to the turbulence of our neighbour *Bony*. But that is neither here nor there: we must fight it out, and pay it out, as long as we have money, blood, and spirits.

"My eldest girl took a hankering after the Curate of our parish. I think you told us you married a clergyman yourself; and as the young man supported himself very decently on forty pounds a year, I yielded to their mutual wishes, and gave them a sufficient portion to furnish a house, where my son-in-

law takes a few boarders. They live comfortably; and thus having law and divinity in my own family, and seldom standing in need of physic, I consider myself as a happy and respectable man; and, though I say it, am as much listened to in the vestry, and other parish meetings, as the 'Squire himself.

"My two youngest girls were each of them a year at a lady's boarding-school, where they clubbed their sixpence each monthly, and purchased the Museum; and since they came home, they have continued this practice; and the beginning of the month is always eagerly expected, that they may see the London fashions, and hear what you, my good Madam, have to say by way of caution and advice. I often skim your writings myself; and Dame, who is a good judge of these matters, pays you many handsome compliments: but, from what I have observed myself, you are more inclined to give us an account of fashionable folks, and to write for the gay world, than for persons in the middling ranks of life. Now this I consider as a defect in your plan; for the former, from what I have seen of them, are too wise to take advice from their inferiors; and those who would be glad to listen to you, do not often come in for any share of your notice.

"To nine tenths of the world it is of very little consequence, what is going on at public places, and how routes and balls are conducted; but all have an interest in virtuous principles, frugal manners, and domestic attentions. It is to draw your regard to these subjects, that I have taken up my pen; and though I write what is called a *crump* hand, I trust you will be able to pick it out, and that you will have the condescension to bestow advice and instruction on persons in our walk of life, more frequently than you have hitherto done. You know we have the same right to have something that suits us for our money, as the great and the gay. Silks and muslins are less necessary, than stuffs and calicoes; and, in like man-

ner, fine sayings, and grand doings, are little interesting or useful to those who are to labour for a living; or, at least, to take care to spend with economy what others earn with diligence.

"I have ever thought it of more consequence, to make young people good, sober, diligent, and saving, than make them accomplished; and for this reason I would beg leave to recommend to your reading, and to the attention of your readers, what old TUSSER says on the subject of housewifery. I have but few books indeed, except what ought to be in every religious family; but I received "Tusser's 500 Points of good Husbandry" from my grandfather, and value it very highly; as I think you will do, from the sample I produce. To be sure, his language is a little old-fashioned; but, nevertheless, it is not the worse; and if families were regulated on the plan he lays down, we should have fewer bankruptcies, and more comforts. But let him speak for himself.

INSTRUCTIONS TO HUSWIFERY.

Serve God is the first.—True love is not worst.

1. A daily good lesson of huswife, indeed,
   Is good to remember, the better to speed.
2. Another good lesson of huswifery thought,
   Is huswife with husband to live as they ought.

Wife carely no grief.—Man out, huswife chief.

3. Though trickly to see to, be gallant to wive,
   Yet carely and wise, is the huswife to thrive.
4. When husband is absent, let huswife be chief,
   And look to their labour, that eateth her beef.

Both out not allow.—Keep house huswive thou.

5. When husband and huswife be both out of place,
   Their servants do loiter, and reason their case.
6. The huswife so nam'd, of keeping the house,
   Must tend on her profit, as cat on a mouse.

Seek home for rest,—For home is best.

7. As huswives keep home, and be stirrers about,
   So spendeth her winnings, the year throughout.
8. Though home be but homely, yet huswife is taught,
   That home hath no fellow, to such as have aught.

Use

Use all with skill.—Ask what ye will.

9. Good usage with knowledge, and quiet withal,
Make huswife to shine, as sun on the wall.
10. What husband refuseth, all comely to have,
That hath a good huswife, all willing to save.

Be ready at need—All things to feed.

11. The case of good huswifes that daily doth stand,
Whatever shall chance, to be ready at hand.
12. This care hath a huswife, all day, in her head,
That all things in season, be huswifely fed.

By practice go muse,—How all things to use

13. Dame Practice is she, that to huswife doth tell,
Which way for to govern her family well.
14. Use labourers gently, for this is a law;
Make child to be civil, keep servants in awe.

Who carelessly do live,—Offence thereby give.

15. Have every where a respect to thy ways,
That none of thy life any slander may raise.
16. What many do know, though a time it be hid,
At length will abroad, when a mischief shall bid.

"So much for my favorite author. I rest yours to command,

"JOHN BULLOCK."

The Old Woman is much obliged to her new correspondent, Mr. Bullock, and thanks him for the extracts he has favored her with, from a work she never heard of before; but which, if it uniformly breathes the same good sense, deserves to be well known. She acknowledges the justice of his general remarks on her own writings, and will endeavour, now and then, to visit the cottage and the farm-house, as well as the crowded city and the stately mansion, the abodes of fashion and elegance. Perhaps, her fair readers will have no objection, by way of change, to sit down to homely fare, which will give a higher relish to the delicacies they are commonly accustomed to. In the humble walks of life, there are beauties to be discovered, and comforts to be enjoyed, which often far surpass the glare of pomp, and the delusions of art.

THE

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

WHEN we seriously consider the short span allotted to man upon earth, how little appear the enjoyments of the rich, and the schemes of the ambitious! All human pleasures and calamities are buried in the grave; and unhappy is the state of that man, who sees beyond this life nothing but despair and misery; whose days are spent in jollity and mirth, and who forgets that he must one day give an account of the employment of his time.

The present state, when compared with the future, is hardly worth caring for; a few pains is all we can endure, and imperfect happiness all we can enjoy. The lowest situation has its comforts as well as its troubles; though the latter are, perhaps, in general, preponderant. The rich, however, are not exempt from sorrow; and a sad heart is often veiled by a smiling countenance, and the eye often belies the feelings of the soul. They are like others, often disappointed; and though they escape the miseries of poverty, they are exposed to those numerous vexations which attend the higher classes of society. Their amusements are designed rather to drive away reflection, than to afford pleasure. They care only how they may create new wings for the hour which is flying away, and which they hope shall bring them to some new enjoyments. They pursue with eagerness the phantoms of pleasure, nor give over the pursuit, till they fall into the grave, and are disappointed.

The rich, however, have it in their power to encourage the industry of the poor, and to become the patrons of the worthy; to raise merit from obscurity, and to rescue the memory of departed excellence from oblivion. It is to be lamented that the most part are examples of vice and extravagance; they embolden the face of impudence, and put modesty to the blush. Their days pass away in idleness, and their nights

nights in rioting and debauchery. They are only amused with the air of gaiety, and the novelty of fashion, and listen only to the commendations of flattery: they seldom turn their thoughts inward, and seldom contemplate their last hour. But let them remember, that the time is hastening when gaiety shall vanish, and fashion no longer delight; when they will be deaf to the music of flattery, and attend only to the summons of death. The rich and the poor fight the last battle on the same ground, and though they both struggle, they both fall in the conflict. In the grave there is little distinction: though some are honored with monuments, time will soon change the marble into dust; and though the rich perish after the beggar, they crumble into the same powder, and are scattered by the same wind.

I should not have troubled you, Mr. Editor, with the above remarks, but there are some who value themselves on account of their riches, and hope by these to gain admittance into every company, and to engage the ear of attention. It is not uncommon to see persons bow down to the earth to their superiors: they perceive their deportment is grateful to the vanity of those they address, and are seldom dismissed without some consolatory promise. Though I consider it the duty of every man to treat his superiors with respect, yet there are some who overact their part, and who fawn as if addressing superior beings. This is not the observation of conjecture, but of daily experience.

We see some making bargains for their daughters, without either consulting their inclinations, or considering whether the alliance will promote their happiness. Such fathers often plunge their daughters into distress, and are frequently the diggers of their graves. Though this expression may offend the ear of refinement, it is the suggestion of truth. There are many women who have to date their misery from the day of marriage, when they were forced into a connection

connection to which they were averse. Such are surely to be pitied; and our commiseration will be increased, when we consider they are usually the most amiable and deserving of their sex. How this comes to pass is not easily determined; it is, however, an assertion the truth of which experience will not permit us to doubt.

In marriage there should be happiness arising not from outward possessions, but from inward satisfaction. He that marries his daughter for money, consults but little her happiness, and forgets that wealth cannot bestow that reciprocity of affection, without which matrimony is at best a state of contention and misery.

January 13*th*, 1806. A. G.

THE DANGER OF IDLENESS IN SOLITUDE.

IDLENESS is truly said to be the root of all evil; and Solitude certainly encourages in the generality of its votaries this baneful disposition. Nature has so framed the character of man, that his happiness essentially depends on his passions being properly interested, his imagination busied, and his faculties employed; but these engagements are seldom found in the vacant scenes and tedious hours of retirement from the world, except by those who have acquired the great and happy art of furnishing their own amusements; an art which can never be learnt in the irrational solitude of caves and cells. The idleness which solitude is so apt to induce, is dangerous in proportion to the natural strength, activity, and spirit of the mind; for it is observed, that the highest characters are frequently goaded by that restlessness which accompanies leisure, to acts of the wildest outrage, and greatest enormity.

LONGEVITY.

LONGEVITY.

THAT instances of longevity are not so rare in modern times as is usually imagined, the subjoined list, collected from various sources, is a curious proof. That we might not swell it to an inconvenient length, none have been inserted who have not attained the 130th year, or whose longevity has not appeared to be well attested. The date affixed to each name is the year in which each person died, when that has been ascertained; or when not, the latest year in which each is known to have lived.

Year		Age	Year		Age
1795	David Cameron	130	1772	Mrs. Clum	138
1766	John De la Somel	130	1766	Thomas Dobson	139
1766	George King	130	1785	Mary Cameron	139
1767	John Taylor	130	1752	William Lalande	140
1774	William Beatie	130	——	Countess Desmond	140
1778	John Watson	130	1770	James Sands	140
1780	Robert Macbride	130	1773	Swarling, a Monk	142
——	William Ellis	130	1773	Charles M'Findlay	143
1764	Elizabeth Taylor	131	1757	John Effingham	144
1775	Peter Garden	131	1782	Evan Williams	145
1761	Eliz. Merchant	133	1766	Thomas Winsloe	146
1772	Mrs. Keith	134	1772	J. C. Drabakenberg	146
1767	Francis Agne	134	1652	William Mead	148
1777	John Brooke	134	1768	Francis Consir	150
1744	Jane Harrison	135	1542	Thomas Newman	152
1759	James Sheile	136	1635	Thomas Parr	152
1768	Catharine Noon	136	1656	James Bowles	152
1771	Margaret Forster	136	——	Henry West	162
1776	John Moriat	136	1648	Thomas Damme	154
1772	John Richardson	137	1762	A Polish Peasant	157
1793	—— Robertson	137	1797	Joseph Surrington	160
1757	Wm. Sharpley	138	1668	William Edwards	168
1768	John M'Donough	138	1670	Henry Jenkins	169
1770	—— Fairbrother	138	1782	Louisa Truxo	175

To these may be added, a mulatto man who died in 1797, in Frederick Town, North America, and who was said to be 180 years old.

A VILLAGE

A VILLAGE TALE.

[Concluded from page 37.]

THE day after William had enlisted, an order was sent for the regiment to be embarked immediately for foreign service. The idea of leaving Rose for ever, without again seeing her, and imploring her pity and forgiveness, drove him to madness. He applied to his commander for leave of absence, but was refused, on account of the embarkation being to take place immediately. Wild with despair at being denied, he rashly resolved to desert; determining not to leave his native land without taking a last farewell of his beloved Rose. On the following morning he rose before day-break, and putting on the cloaths he wore on the fatal night he enlisted, pursued his wretched way towards the village, where he arrived about noon. With hasty steps he passed onward, and reaching the well-known cottage, he, with frantic haste, lifted the latch, and burst into the room. But the object he sought was not there; she had retired to her favorite seat. William saw her through the window, and rushing into the garden, was in an instant at her feet. The affrighted girl, uttering a scream, hid her face with her hands, as William clasped her knees; and, in an accent of deep despair, besought her not to curse him. "Dear injured Rose, (cried he,) pardon the wretch who kneels before you for the last time." "O, William! William! (groaned the unhappy Rose,) what had I done to excite your hatred?" "Rack not my soul with such an accusation, (rejoined William.) I hate you! If, dearest Rose, you can again put faith in one perjured, believe me, your dear image was never for an instant effaced from my breast: and even at the moment I so infamously deserted you, I loved you with the greatest fervor." "Cruel, cruel Lady Mary," ejaculated

culated Rose. "Name her not: she is a monster! O, that I could recall the past." Rose burst into an agony of tears: William's words reminded her of her mother; and her weak frame shook with the anguish of her soul. In a few minutes her grief in part subsided; and she held out her hand to William, who snatched it with eagerness to his lips and heart. "Do you, indeed, pardon me! (said he.) O, say you do, and I will no longer intrude myself upon you. Only tell me you forgive me ere I leave you."—"Leave me! again desert me! (cried the trembling Rose;) who then shall protect me!" "I will, (exclaimed the delighted youth.) Say but you wish it, and death alone shall part us." At that instant they heard a rustling behind the arbour. Rose started as she saw three soldiers getting over the hedge which separated the garden from the meadows. With pallid cheeks she looked at William, and grasped his arm. She beheld him pale and trembling. "My God! what does this mean? (said she,) as the men advanced towards them. "Why it means, that we are come to fetch your Sweetheart, as I suppose he is, (said one of them.) He has taken French leave of his commander, who intends shewing him English discipline as soon as we reach London. When soldiers run from their duty, it is fit they should be punished for their desertion." "William is not a soldier, (replied the trembling Rose;) are you William?" "Too sure I am, and the miserable wretch they seek. I must leave you, poor undone girl, for ever." "You shall not quit me," screamed the frantic Rose, clinging with force around his neck. Despair lent her strength, and in vain they tried to unlock her hands; they were rivetted. William clasped her fragile form to his bursting heart, whilst the scalding tears fell fast from his eyes upon her wan cheek. Her violent emotion, at length, overpowered her; and, with a deep groan, she sunk fainting on William's bosom. The unfeeling soldiers seized this opportunity of forcing her from his arms, and gently placing her on the seat,

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hurried the heart-broken youth away, without suffering him to take a last embrace; fearing she might revive before they departed. In this state did Rachel find her, ignorant of the late events, from being absent at the time William entered. She thought her dead; and, with fearful haste, lifted her from the seat. The sudden motion restored Rose to a sense of her misery. She gazed on the servant with eagerness, seized her arm with a convulsive grasp, and demanded where William was. "The blessed Lord preserve your senses, my dear young mistress, (replied the astonished Rachel;) how should I know? He has not been here since ———" and she stopt. "He has, he has," said Rose, in a voice of horror: "and the savages have torn him from me. O, Father of Mercies, (added she, sinking on her knees,) grant me but strength to reach the place they have borne him to; there to breathe my last on his dear bosom, and I shall be contented." "Whither would you go?" asked the affrighted Rachel, holding her arm, as she arose from her knees. "To my beloved William," replied Rose, as, with more than human strength, she disengaged herself, and rushed through the house. Despair and affection hastened her steps, which were so speedy, that, before Rachel could alarm the village, she had left it far behind her. Uncertain of the road, she wandered on, her mind solely occupied by William's danger, and the hopes she had of once more joining him, when she determined nothing on earth should again separate them. Evening came on, and she was on a wide common; weary and sad; faint, too, from the want of nourishment; she sat down on a little hillock by the road side, and casting her despairing eyes upon the dreary prospect, burst into tears. As she was thus indulging her grief, a farmer, who was passing that way in his taxed cart, drove up close to her, and, with a voice of the tenderest humanity, inquired what was the matter. "If thou hast lost thy way, my girl, (continued the kind-hearted farmer,) do not grieve

about it: I will take thee any where thou likest." "Take me to my dear William," said she, starting on her feet. "And where is he?" "They have taken him to London." "To London! why, my good girl, thou canst not get there to night! it is full ten miles. Hast thou no friends near?" "None; not one, (replied Rose, bursting afresh into tears:) he is all to me; and they have torn him from my sight." "Well, well, (said the humane farmer,) dry up your tears, poor girl: I will take you home to my good dame for the night; and to-morrow morning we will go to William." "Will you, indeed, be so kind? (said the delighted Rose:) Heaven repay your goodness; I never can." The old man helped her into his cart, and soon conveyed her to his farm, which stood a mile further on the common. He gave her to the care of his wife, who treated her with the utmost kindness: and the Almighty will no doubt reward them for their goodness to an unfortunate girl. They made her retire early, hoping sleep would recruit her exhausted spirits. But in vain did she attempt to close her eyes: the idea of William, and her anxiety to again behold him, banished repose; and when in the morning she met her kind friends, her looks bore testimony to the way in which she had passed the night.

As soon as breakfast was ended, the farmer again placed her in his little cart; and they set off, accompanied by the kind wishes of the good dame. During their ride, he inquired of Rose the particulars of her story, which she, with artless innocence, and tearful eyes, gave, from the commencement of her's and William's attachment, to the fatal moment of their separation. The good farmer's eyes glistened as she proceeded; and his heart felt a father's affection for her. He had no children, and he determined in his mind, to adopt the poor orphan Providence had so unexpectedly placed under his care. He had but faint hopes of their finding William, having no clue to guide them, Rose not knowing to what regiment

regiment he belonged. As they drew near to London, they observed a great concourse of people on the road; but thinking there might be some fair near the place, the farmer did not pay much attention to the circumstance, till the crowd encreasing, induced him to stop his cart, and inquire the reason of so much bustle. He was answered, that a deserter was going to be flogged on a common hard by. Rose's heart sickened when the sound of drums announced the approach of the unhappy object. The farmer had no doubt, from Rose's story, but it was William; and turned his cart, as he told her, to avoid being entangled with others; but, in reality, to save her the pangs of seeing the man she loved in such a situation. Unfortunately, by these means he brought her to witness the scene he was so anxious to keep her from; for, by turning up a lane which he hoped would lead them from the common, he entered it at the moment the wretched William (for it was him who had been brought there a nearer way) was tied to the post, and had received the first cruel lash. The cry of anguish which burst from the lips of the sufferer, caught the ear of Rose, who instantly recognised the object of her fondest love. With a piercing scream she darted from the cart, which was unable to move from the pressure of the crowd, and flew towards the spot—"William! my dearest William! (she raved out.) Stop, barbarians! savages, forbear!" Then sinking on the ground, with a convulsive groan she expired. All eyes were now turned from William to the breathless Rose. They assisted the farmer, who had followed as fast as his agitation would permit, to convey the body to the nearest house, until the coroner was summoned; whilst the unfortunate William, after undergoing the whole of his sentence, was taken back to London, insensible from his wounds; the regiment proceeding on its march to the place of its embarkation.

The unhappy farmer now left the house where he had placed Rose's lifeless remains, and soon reached

his home. His tears prepared his wife for the melancholy tale, ere his lips uttered it. After lamenting over the fate of poor Rose, they consulted together what was to be done in respect to her funeral, ignorant of where she came from; (as Rose, in her account to the farmer, had omitted the name of her native village.) They had no means of tracing out her friends, but through the unfortunate William. To him they judged it best to apply, should he have survived the punishment he had undergone. It was now no difficulty to find him. The farmer once more, with a heavy heart, set out for the Metropolis. He soon found out the wretched William, whose wounds, from the lashes he had received, added to his mental sufferings, were declared mortal. His haggard look, and vacant eye, as the farmer entered, struck him with the truest sorrow; and he turned aside, to conceal a starting tear. Going to the bedside of the dying sufferer, and taking his clammy hand, he pronounced the name of Rose. The sound roused William from his death-like stupor: he feebly pressed the hand which held his, and fixing his glozed eyes for a moment on the farmer, he asked if he might see her before he died. "Alas! poor youth," sighed the farmer, "you will soon meet where nothing will ever part you." "Is she no more?" said William, his voice growing more and more faint. "O, God! then release me from my sufferings. Pardon my sins, and let me join her pure spirit in thy blessed kingdom." The exertion of saying so much, produced a long fainting fit, in which all around him thought he had breathed his last. After a while, he revived, and again addressing the farmer, "I know not whom you are, (said he;) but as you seem acquainted with my poor Rose, whose death your words inform me of, (the farmer's tears confirmed the truth,) you, no doubt, are also acquainted with the misfortunes that have hurried her to a premature grave; misfortunes brought on by me, who ought to have been her shield from every care. Hear me out, (seeing

ing the farmer was about to interrupt him:) I have not long to speak. All I have to request is, that you will see us both buried in one grave by the side of her mother, whose death I have to answer for. May the Merciful Disposer of all events accept my present sufferings as an atonement for my former crimes. Say, (cried he, turning to the farmer,) will you attend to my last wish?" The farmer pressed his hand in token of assent. "You will? may God reward you." Then faintly articulating the name of Rose, he closed his eyes for ever.

The farmer, finding all was over, considered how he was to find the place to which they belonged. On searching the pockets of the deceased, they found a letter addressed to Rose, which he had written previous to his forming the fatal resolution of deserting. This informed the farmer all he wished to know. He kept his promise to William; and, in a few days, had them conveyed to our village. They were buried in yonder grave, and were accompanied by nearly all the inhabitants. There was not a dry eye in the place; and when they were placed in the ground, the groans and sobs of those around, told how much they were beloved, how sincerely lamented. William's parents are hastening after them to the grave: the accumulated woe heaped on their aged heads within the last few months, has entirely broken their spirits. They close their eyes in tears, and wake each morn to misery. Every hour do we expect the knell to toll for one or both of them. Sir Frederic, shocked at the dreadful termination of his scheme, left the Castle, and is, I hear, gone abroad. As for the vile Lady Mary, we know not what has become of her: but, go where she will, she will be followed by the execrations of the village; for, had she not assisted in the infamous contrivance, we might have rejoiced at their nuptials, instead of lamenting over their grave. But the dews of night are fast falling; let us quit this place and the melancholy subject together.

SUSAN.

VAUXHALL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF CAROLINE.

[Concluded from page 48.]

"IT was necessary that something should be done for our future maintenance. The advantages of a good education, I now flattered myself, would prove of essential use; and I inserted advertisement after advertisement, for the situation of private governess, without the satisfaction of finding them crowned with success. The next measure I adopted, was to make application to the different warehouses: here Fortune was more propitious to my views; I obtained Work; but all my exertions of industry, instead of supplying us with comforts, would scarcely procure us the necessaries of life.

"The closeness of the air in which we lived, produced an alarming effect upon my mother's constitution: the apothecary informed me, that her existence depended upon an immediate change of air, and recommended me to take a lodging for her in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall. I unfortunately engaged this apartment, in which we continued thirteen weeks; but the unremitting attention my poor mother required from me, rendered me unable to earn much by my work, and we were under the necessity of removing into the attic floor. As her illness increased, the profits arising from my industry diminished; and I found myself unable to discharge our weekly rent. Mrs. Maurice, however, appeared to take an interest in my welfare, and informed me, she was ready to let us her lodgings by the year. This mark of friendly kindness my heart gratefully acknowledged. I considered that abandoned woman as my friend, and, in the fullness of my heart, made her acquainted with the principal events of my life.

"My

"My dear Miss Caroline, (said she,) was I in your situation, I would procure for my suffering parent, every comfort, nay, every elegance, she could desire." "Tell me but the means, (I exclaimed with an enthusiastic rapture:) I would toil day and night, to obtain for her those comforts which I perceive she requires."

"You will not understand me, I perceive: shall I speak plainly?" "Yes, surely, (I replied:) I am tortured by suspense." "Then follow me, (continued the artful woman, taking my hand, and leading me towards a mirror.) Look at that face! that form! those features! which were designed by Nature to supply the want of Fortune's gifts; and ask your own heart, whether they ought not to be devoted to a parent's support!"

"Density itself must have comprehended her meaning. My countenance was expressive of indignation and contempt. "I perceive (said she) you feel a repugnance to my proposal; but there is a gentleman in this neighbourhood, whose heart and purse are at your command; and he has daily tormented me to make you acquainted with his sentiments; though I must candidly tell you he is a married man; therefore do not hereafter accuse me of leading you into an error: though, if I was in your situation, I should not hesitate a moment how I ought to act."

"Neither do I hesitate, I assure you, Mrs. Manrice, (I replied in an indignant tone of voice;) and as you have thought proper to insult me, by repeating the despicable wretch's proposals, I beg you will inform him they were received with detestation and contempt." So saying, I quitted the apartment without allowing her an opportunity of making any reply.

"My poor mother's disorder increased so rapidly, that I was under the necessity of applying for medical advice. Our finances were exhausted: I had no friend to assist me; and my only resource was a

pawnbroker's

pawnbroker's shop! Never shall I forget the appalling sensation which seized me upon offering as pledges, some of those trinkets which I had received as valuable testimonies of parental regard: a dimness came before my eyes; my knees smote each other, and I was actually obliged to support myself against the wall. That I was not suspected of dishonesty, has often appeared to me extraordinary. The man, however, gave me one third of what I asked; and acquiring courage, from escaping interrogation, I frequented the shop, until I had pledged every article of value we had left.

"Our rent went on, and increased rapidly. My heart acknowledged the kindness of Mrs. Maurice, in not making any demand. I no longer resented the conversation which had passed between us, but looked upon her in the light of a friend. This morning, however, she sent to speak with me in her little parlour, and, with an air of self-importance, demanded whether I knew what my mother owed her for rent; and, upon answering in the negative, she informed me it was near six pounds: "And that sum (said she) I must have to-morrow morning; for I cannot let lodgings, and live by the loss."

"In an agony of despair, I threw myself on my knees before her; imploring her only to wait until my mother was well. But, dead to every sentiment of humanity, she exclaimed, "A gaol! a gaol! or the amount of my rent!" With difficulty I dissuaded her from going into my mother's apartment, upon promising to devise some method of making the payment secure. "It is in your power (said she) still to make your fortune; for, in spite of the haughty manner in which you received the proposal I made you, the gentleman is ready to serve you by any means in his power; and desired me to say, that if you would seat yourself in the private walk of Vauxhall Gardens this evening, he would meet you there a little after ten; and, squeamish as you are, it is impossible

impossible for you to fear an insult offered to your person, in a place where, upon the slightest alarm, hundreds would fly to your relief."

"Of Vauxhall I had heard as a place of entertainment; but little did I suspect that the spot to which I was directed, was peculiarly devoted to intrigue: yet I could not bear the idea of making an assignation, and, in decided terms, refused to go. Regularly every evening this woman boiled our tea-kettle for a penny, which saved us the expense of fire; and, upon my going down stairs for it, I observed an ill-looking man conversing with her, who, as I passed him, said, "Is that her?" "No, no; that is the daughter, (replied Mrs. Maurice:) but she is one of your sentimental kind; and, no doubt, will prefer accompanying her mother to prison, to living in the most luxurious style."

"As she said this, the man quitted the apartment, casting so terrifying a scowl upon me, that my whole frame became so violently agitated, I was under the necessity of throwing myself into a chair. "Do not drive me to desperation, my dear girl, (said this artful woman:) but money I must and will have. Follow my advice; go to the gardens; and depend upon it, Mr. W——— will serve you upon your own terms: for I assure you, he loves the very ground you tread upon. Witness the tender kisses he bestowed upon this glove."

"I had accidentally left my glove in Mrs. Maurice's apartment; and she availed herself of the circumstance, to prove the strength of the affection I had inspired; and, after finding her irrevocably resolved to send my almost expiring parent to prison, I reluctantly agreed to follow her advice. As I generally contrived to fetch my work from the warehouse in the evening, my poor mother was not surprised at hearing me say, I must go out; or observing that, by the instructions of this artful woman, I made some alteration in my dress.

"Though I had agreed to go to Vauxhall, it was upon condition that she would accompany me. We

set out together a little before ten; and, after taking a circuit round the Gardens, she called for some refreshments, and conducted me to a seat, informing me, that she had seen Mr. W——— but knew he would not accost me whilst she staid. At the bare idea of being left, a thousand terrors overwhelmed me, which the insidious Mrs. Maurice endeavoured to disperse, by pointing out to my observation, several solitary females, who were dispersed about that never-to-be-forgotten walk. In spite of my intreaties, she took leave of me; promising to return in a quarter of an hour; but scarcely was she gone, when I became sensible of my perilous situation, yet had neither fortitude or resolution enough to move. What did I suffer at hearing myself accosted in language which I think must make the most abandoned blush! At length you came, and rescued me from those dangers to which, too late, I found myself exposed; and if you are the gentleman to whom Mrs. Maurice alluded, I have only to hope you will not repeat to her the unfavorable opinion I have formed."

"Curses fall upon her head! (I exclaimed with ardour.) A wretch like her deserves not to live. You have, indeed, passed a fiery ordeal; and I bless the Almighty who has preserved your honor safe." I then pointed out the dangers she had been exposed to, and informed her, that the detestable Maurice had placed her in a situation which I should have thought impossible for any woman to escape from undefiled; but it was evident that she thought, if once the amiable girl's virtue had fallen a sacrifice, that she would then readily adopt any measures which were proposed.

That a character so depraved should meet with its due punishment, was a duty which I owed society, and which I was resolved to inflict; yet my mind was so deeply agitated, that I could not easily pursue any plan. I intreated Caroline to retire gently to her mother's apartment; informing her, I should occupy the one which had been prepared; and intreated her to

rise

rise the next morning with the same precaution, and creep softly into my room."

"Pardon me (said Caroline) for disapproving your counsel. With a heart glowing with gratitude, I will retire; but was I to adopt the measure you have suggested, I should be the instrumental cause of my character being disgraced. No, let me rather implore you to inform the detestable woman in my presence, that you have discovered the baseness of her design. All I have to request is, that you will enable me to discharge her lodging; for I shall be miserable if I remain another day in the house; yet, unless you will have the goodness to protect me, Heaven knows what may be the consequence of my being left in such a wretch's power!"

There was so much propriety in the amiable girl's observations, that I readily agreed to do every thing she desired: and the reflection of having rescued her from the snares which had been laid for her destruction, afforded me a sensation of joy, which it would be difficult to describe. About nine o'clock on the following morning, I was awoke by a gentle rap at the door; and, upon inquiring who was there, I recognized the voice of Maurice; and, in a tone of civility, I desired her to walk in. The curtains were undrawn: astonishment marked her features upon perceiving that only one person had been in bed. "My goodness! (she exclaimed,) did the little squeamish hussey refuse to gratify your wishes, after having spent the greater part of the evening in the Dark Walk! Well, for my part, I am sick of such pretended modesty: and I think you wanted spirit not to persevere."

"I might as well have made an impression upon a marble statue, (I replied, in a jocose accent.) However, (I continued,) I feel an interest in the fate of the girl, and flatter myself, that, upon a more intimate acquaintance, I may have the good fortune to make an impression upon her heart." The purse

which I had offered Caroline, was still lying upon the table. The selfish woman perceived it was amply filled; and, after a few complimentary expressions upon the delicacy of my sentiments, she hoped I would be so condescending as to breakfast with her. This invitation I readily accepted; and Caroline was invited to make a third; but she excused herself from joining our party, from not being able to leave the invalid. Breakfast, however, was scarcely ended, when this angelic creature entered the room. This was the signal for me to begin my battery, which I did by an unexpected discharge of my great guns; or, to drop a metaphoric description, I loaded the detested wretch with abuse; threatened to carry her before a magistrate, and threw her into a perfect panic from fear.

I intreated Caroline to conceal what had happened from her mother; but to inform her, that a gentleman, who had been intimate with her husband, had taken pains to find them out, for the purpose of repaying a sum which he had borrowed several years back. The poor old woman's joy amounted almost to extacy. She impatiently longed to behold her husband's friend; and I was immediately invited into her apartment, which, from the smallness of its size, was ill adapted for an invalid. It served as an excuse for an immediate removal. I intreated permission to provide them with an apartment less incommodious and confined, to which I had the gratification of conducting them within the space of a few hours.

At the request of Caroline, I dropped the thought of prosecuting the vile Maurice, as the timid girl trembled at the idea of appearing in a public court, which must have been the consequence of my punishing a creature I considered it a duty due to society to expose. The Vauxhall adventure, however, must have been mentioned; and innocent as Caroline appeared in my eyes, in those of less liberal-minded people,

people, her conduct might have been viewed in a different light; and this consideration induced me, more than any other, to hush up the affair. I gave the amiable girl a sufficient sum to pay the few debts her mother had contracted, and to redeem the pledges of a parent's regard; and resolved to settle a reversionary annuity upon the old lady, of fifty pounds a year; and to prevent her from feeling the weight of a pecuniary obligation, pretend it was purchased with the money which her husband had lent.

I had been too deeply interested in the fate of this unfortunate young woman, to bestow a single thought upon my friend; but, the moment I saw her comfortably settled in her new apartment, I hastened to his house, to apologise for my abrupt departure, and to inform him in what manner I had disposed of my time.

Though Horatio at first refused to give credit to the platonic friendship Caroline had inspired me with, and entertained himself with laughing most heartily at the adventure of the night; yet, upon my solemnly assuring him that she was as strictly chaste as a Vestal Virgin, in spite of his sarcastic observations upon her having selected the Dark Walk, "Then (said he) if that is really the case, I advise you to marry her, and I will publish your histories in a novel, which shall be entitled Vauxhall." This advice, however, did not happen to accord with my own feelings; for the woman I marry, must not only possess all the feminine virtues, but not be suspected of any vice: and though I am perfectly convinced of the chastity of Caroline's sentiments, yet, if I was her husband, my thoughts would be continually reverting to the Dark Walk; and in every female acquaintance which she formed, I should think I beheld a second Mrs. Maurice, capable of influencing her to deviate from that line of proper conduct so necessary to be observed.

My readers, perhaps, may be astonished that the history of the unfortunate Caroline should, at the

moment of wishing to compose an essay upon morality, have forced itself upon my mind; but, to account for that, which might otherwise appear extraordinary, I beg leave to inform them, that, in the midst of my reflections on morality, a letter from Horatio arrived, informing me, that Caroline was just married to the son of the embroideress from whom she had been accustomed to receive work; and that the young man not only bore an amiable character, but was in a very respectable line of trade.

I started from my seat in a transport of pleasure, exclaiming, "I bless the Almighty for conducting my steps to the Dark Walk: for whatever happiness this young couple may enjoy in each other's society, I shall have the gratification of thinking, that, by rescuing Caroline from the dangers which surrounded her, I was the primary cause." My heart secretly exulted in the idea; I found it impossible to banish Caroline from my thoughts; and from her history the unsuspicious may learn a useful lesson, and may be put upon their guard against the intriguing artifices of their own sex.

ON OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT is this opportunity, that is so frequently spoken of? It is the turn of Fortune's tide, that may waft us into port; an invitation from circumstances; a happy adaptation of things to our views, hopes, or advantage. To whom is it presented?—Frequently to the blind, timid, or prudent. Who have availed themselves of it?—Answer—"All those who have raised themselves to prosperity." Is the use or abuse of it the most frequent?—Answer—"The scale of misery weighs heaviest!" That arrangement of circumstances that did lead, or might have conducted us, to a pleasing issue, is called Opportunity. What name is there for the assemblage of things that lead us to ruin?—Answer—"None." A.

DANGER OF COQUETRY.

A TALE.

[Concluded from page 18.]

JAMESON and his friend proceeded immediately to the house of Mrs. Granger, with whom Miss Bentham lodged, and under whose care he had left her when he departed to prepare for her reception as his bride in the country. But what a change had the meeting with his friend effected in the space of a few hours! It would be a difficult task to delineate the state of his mind, and the various changes which took place in the short period of time in passing from the house of his friend to that of his mistress. Sometimes the idea of departed happiness well-nigh overwhelmed him,

> ——— Subdued his best of man,
> And gave him up to tears.

Then for a moment, a strong and just feeling of the usage he had received from Eliza, would come to his relief, and he seemed to enjoy the thought of seeing her overwhelmed with confusion at the discovery he had to make of his Lordship's villany, by which her own treatment of her faithful lover was so fully avenged: but the support derived from such sources as these was very transient, and his fortitude to meet her found its surest succour in the generous design of saving her from the threatened ruin.

As the interval was filled up with such a horrid conflict of agitating passions, it was happy for Jameson that the ladies were at home. He and his friend were immediately introduced to them. While all the four continued together, matters passed off pretty well, till (as had been pre-concerted) the friend withdrew with Mrs. Granger to break the discovery to

her, who having, as before stated, expressed her disapprobation of Eliza's proceedings, was an entire stranger to the lengths things had been carried between her and his Lordship. It is impossible, in matters in which we are deeply interested, to play the hypocrite with any success, and this difficulty is increased when mutual consciousness embarrasses the actors; it begets an awkwardness that quickly betrays the parties. Eliza, to whom a little longer deception was necessary, endeavoured to think how she should have acted, was she now meeting Jameson as the man who was to be her future husband; while consciousness on the part of Jameson, of the base and dissembled part she was acting towards him, roused his indignation sufficiently to enable him to go through with the task he had imposed upon himself. Her first effort to prevent her sinking under a sense of shame, was to upbraid him with having entered into a plot to calumniate her new lover, to whom she had so many reasons for giving the preference; but the entrance of Mrs. Granger and the friend who had accompanied Jameson, together with the evidence by which he had first convinced him, and then Mrs. Granger, left her no longer any room for doubt. She stood petrified with the mingled emotions of shame at her detected baseness; indignation at her new lover; admiration of the generosity of the old one; and undissembled grief, that she had for ever lost him: in brief, she had no resource left, but to fall into a fit, which it will require but a small portion of candour and good-nature to suppose real: her lovely and tender frame had too great a weight for nature to support. The lover and his friend took this opportunity to withdraw, as, indeed, delicacy required, and left her to the care of Mrs. Granger and the women, by whose judicious attentions her life was preserved, though left extremely weak. It was therefore thought proper to remove her into the country; which answered the two-fold purpose of better air to facilitate her recovery, and, what was

every

every way full as essential, saving her from the mortification of encountering those who knew her story; consisting, as in all similar cases, of those who pity, and those who insult; and we fear Miss Bentham's behaviour in the pride of beauty, had been such as to make the latter the predominant party. To the country, therefore, she went; not now as the honored wife of the doting Jameson, going to the mansion prepared for her, as its mistress and chief ornament, but to an obscure retreat, where she might rest from the strife of tongues,—where she might hide a guilty head, and soothe the throbbings of a mortified heart.

Whoever contemplates the unfortunate Eliza's present situation, will be ready to conclude, that she had endured enough to put her on her guard against all future attempts of the seducer, and prevent her from being caught with the splendid hope of rising above her proper level in the way of marriage; but whoever draws such a conclusion, will form too hasty a judgment, will manifest too great a degree of ignorance of the incorrigible nature of a coquettish disposition. The vile Lord who was the cause of her present state of humiliation, had studied this sort of character to more advantage, and considered her as too desirable an object, to be suffered thus easily to elude his grasp. And here it is not easy to resist the opportunity of marking the difference between chaste and illicit love in the person of Jameson and his Lordship. With the former, we see, it was not enough that her person remained uncontaminated; the alienation of her affections was alone sufficient to destroy his ardent passion, because his love was fixed on that which was polluted, in her having meditated to be the wife of another, after she had led him to believe that he alone reigned in her heart. Here his soul had sought repose; but not finding it a place of rest, had, like the weary dove, retired again within his own bosom, and desire had ceased.

Far otherwise was the case of his Lordship: her suitableness to gratify such a passion as his was, remained

mained unchanged; and the short interruption to the accomplishment of his wishes which had intervened, served only to quicken appetite, while her discovery of his design, and her consequent indignation, stimulated his revenge. None but a veteran in the arts of seduction, none but one who well knows the character of a coquette, as above observed, could have been hardy enough to indulge the expectation of succeeding by a repetition of the game he had so lately played, and spreading again the net she had so lately escaped; yet so it was.

Having, by his emissaries, kept himself acquainted with every step she had taken, the place of her retreat, and the causes of it, he allowed a reasonable time to elapse for her present feeling of shame and disappointment to abate: much time was not necessary where her story was not known, with a lady of Miss Bentham's disposition; and her spirits were quickly sufficiently revived, to be able to attend an assembly held at the market-town in the neighbourhood of her retreat, and very shortly after her appearance there, to carry her head high, and aim at being the principal figure in the piece. Thus a door was again set open for his Lordship to renew his intrigues, and begin his attack.

The plot laid for the final accomplishment of her ruin, was simple, yet well calculated to answer the end proposed: it only required his Lordship to furnish one of his French domestics with a gay coat, a smart hired chariot, and a couple of liveries with a little more lace than ordinary to attract attention. A handsome fellow thus fitted out, would easily pass in a country assembly for a foreigner of distinction, and as such he made his appearance, just when Eliza's heart had recovered its wonted flutter of joy at scenes of gaiety and pleasure. In about an hour after the assembly opened, the gay Count (which was the title he had assumed) entered, splendidly dressed, and with an air of dignity proportioned to the

the splendour of his equipage. His air, his look, his manner, bespoke the man of fashion: in short, he was just such a man as Miss Bentham would wish to captivate.

To her unspeakable joy, and beyond her most sanguine hopes, when the country-dances begun, he approached her with the most respectful air, and, with a profound bow, solicited the honor of her hand. It may be truly said, that, at this moment, Miss Bentham tasted the highest gratification of which her nature was capable: singled out by the man who rose so superior to the other gentlemen present, and, of course, envied in the same proportion by every female in the assembly, all the disagreeable recollections connected with the idea of Jameson vanished from her mind, and she might say, with Richard, in Shakespeare, when the troubles and affrights caused by the appearance of the ghosts had subsided, "Eliza's herself again." She immediately began to construe the marked attentions of her gay partner, as proofs of her own power of charming, and which she quickly found realized by his subsequent conduct. Under the pretext of being immediately wounded by the beauties of her person, and brilliancy of her wit, the Count commenced a lover in form; while his attendants, according to the instructions they received, threw out proper hints, which yet appeared as if extorted by the eager curiosity of the neighbours, to magnify the importance and dignity of the Count in his own country.

Our readers, who must by this time have formed a pretty just idea of Miss Bentham's character, will have discovered, before we can inform them, the obvious and natural result of a plot thus laid. The Count had instruction from his principal, on no account to risk the proposal of a private marriage, but to proceed regularly and openly to solemnize the nuptials in the village where she resided; transmitting, at the same time that his Lordship sent his last instructions, an instrument, or obligation, for a sum sufficient

sufficient to convey him in safety to France, and fully compensate him for the loss of his Lordship's service, when he should have delivered the hapless, deeply-deceived victim untouched into his hands. It will be recollected, that, in the plan laid for her ruin by a pretended marriage, as given in our last number, it was to be celebrated at the house of a female relation of his Lordship. This house was a retired country-seat of his own; and the female relation a housekeeper as duly qualified for her office, as old mother Sinclair in Clarissa, or any other of the hellish tribe. This house being within an easy day's journey of the village, the Count proposed their setting out immediately after the ceremony, and that they should spend the first evening at the seat of a very intimate friend of his, who was, indeed, in town, but whose servants would pay the same attention to him as if their master was present; and his absence, he hinted, at the present conjuncture, would be rather agreeable to her than otherwise. He knew he was perfectly safe in making this proposal, as his bride had never been near the place, the discovery having been made before she had been conveyed thither; and no farther contrivance was necessary, than that the few servants should appear in liveries different from those she had seen with his Lordship.

We are now to accompany Miss Bentham through the last day of enjoyment and peace vouchsafed her in this world; to behold her, who had rejected and despised the genuine affection of Jameson, generously devoting his life to her happiness, delivered over a helpless yet unsuspecting prey, into the hands of the most cruel of men.

The morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, which gave an air of festivity to the village, while the carriage which had attracted so much notice, during the Count's residence there, paraded in its utmost splendour towards the church, to receive the new-married pair as soon as the ceremony was ended. The lovely victim, whom, notwithstanding her

her folly, we are sure our readers will pity, appeared in all her glory on the occasion; and being handed into the carriage by the pretended Count, was whirled away towards his Lordship's seat, according to the plan laid for the accomplishment of the scheme. The vile seducer had taken care to arrive in time to enjoy the sight of her approach from a secret place, whose entrance "under the fatal battlements" where such a deed was to be perpetrated, might have made the raven almost as hoarse as the murder of Duncan. She was received by the female Cerberus with all the respectful attention due to the delicacy of a bride of twelve hours, and assured, that such had been the Count's tenderness to her on this head, that she herself was the only person entrusted with the secret of her being so; nay, that he had given the most particular directions about the time and manner of being conducted to the bridal-chamber; adding, with a half-stifled laugh, "Surely, my lady, you fully possess the happy art of inspiring a lover with awe, and have taught the Count to maintain due distance and reserve, since the impression remains after he is become a husband, when the most respectful of them are apt to break loose from all restraint, and often seem to enjoy our confusion on these occasions."

By arts like these, the way was prepared for the substitution of his Lordship in the place of the real bridegroom, who having faithfully and completely executed his commission, received his reward, and before morning, was far advanced in his journey towards France, beyond the reach of the laws he had violated.

Despair of being able to give even a feeble representation of the distresses to which the next morning awakened the unfortunate Eliza, induces us here to close the scene, and leave them to be conceived by the feeling part of our readers, and the story to operate as a warning to as many as shall think the subject worthy their attention.

VILLAGE

VILLAGE TATTLE.

NO. I.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S WEDDING.

THE communications of a Village Gossip* having been honored with the flattering approbation of the Editors, I once more venture to obtrude a relation of some subsequent events in a few occasional papers, which, if deemed acceptable, it shall be my study to render them equally deserving of their indulgence, and, as far as lies in my power, amusing to their readers.

Sunday, Jan. 1806.

Our bells have been ringing merrily; large bonfires are blazing in the middle of the Green, and plenty of good cheer has been distributed among the poor of the village. This is a wedding as it should be. Our good 'Squire, not content with merely being made happy himself, spares no expense, that the hearts of all around shall feel a glow of comfort, and every face wear a sincere smile of congratulation. Such are his benevolent intentions: but envy and malignity will rear their disgusting heads; and, even in my little circle, venture to breathe their vile insinuations. About our tea hour, a few visiting acquaintances dropped in: these were Mrs. Cerate, the apothecary's wife; Miss Alton, a venerable spinster; the Rector's lady and daughter; and a young lady named Fielding, formerly a school companion of Mrs. Wolcomb's. After the usual formal salutations, Mrs. Pompous, with a smile of sarcasm, addressed me with, "And pray, Mrs. Somerton, have you seen the bride? I should like to hear your opinion." My reply being a negative, Miss Fielding, with much vivacity, cried, "Oh, pray, Madam, describe the lady;

* See the Lady's Museum for December, 1800, p. 443.

lady; we are dying to know what sort of a being the old fidget has married. Do you know he once tormented me with his odious addresses?" "Indeed, Miss Fielding, (observed Mrs. Cerate, with a simper,) he had more taste then by far: for the lady he has now married, is as ugly as bewitched.—He! he!" Some of the party joined in the laugh. "But, perhaps, she is very amiable," observed my Maria. "At Mr. Grumble's time of life, personal charms may not have so much power of attraction." "As a well-filled purse," rejoined Mrs. Pompous, drily. "But I am told, (said Miss Alton,) that he affects to despise all mercenary motives; and, to shew his singularity, has selected a girl both plain and pennyless. He is in his dotage, it is clear." It would be tedious to detail all the observations which were made on the subject. About eight o'clock, to my great surprise, a small packet was delivered to me, with a note, from Mr. Grumble, containing these words:

"Madam,

"As I consider you the oracle of the village, and am well convinced of the goodness of your heart, I have taken the liberty of placing in your hands, a little narrative, which, I trust, will bespeak your friendship for my amiable wife, who is desirous of your esteem. Make what use of it you please, and crush at once the slanderous aspersions of pride, malice, and ignorant credulity.

"Your humble servant,

"GREGORY GRUMBLE."

Suppressing the contents of this note, I re-entered the drawing-room, and addressing my guests, said, "By the most singular good fortune, Ladies, I am enabled to satisfy your curiosity respecting the marriage of our good Squire. It is his desire that the particulars should be made known to all his neigh-

bours; therefore, if you will favor me with your attention, I will read it aloud. Miss Alton coloured: "I dare say, (cried she,) there is not a word of truth in it. However, I don't care a pin what he says, not I: he has ill-nature enough for any thing." I perceived that a perusal of our Squire's life was not altogether desired by this lady; but as I judged she had her reasons for it, I persisted, and begun the Memoir of

Gregory Grumble, Esq.

Written by Himself, and humbly addressed to the Ladies of Tattle Green.

"It has afforded much astonishment in this village, that, after having led a life of morose celibacy for five-and-forty years, I have at last led to the altar, a lady possessing neither youth, beauty, nor fortune, to recommend her in the eyes of the world. More than this, I well know that the singularity of my manner has long since obtained me the appellation of a cynic, and a woman-hater. How far I have deserved this reproach, the following pages will fully prove. My father was a reputable farmer; and it was his intention that I, being his only son, should succeed him. This laborious occupation, however, did not altogether suit my taste. Having received an education rather superior to that of farmers' sons in general, I conceived that my talents were buried in obscurity; and anxiously desired to emerge into a sphere for which I imagined myself much better calculated. At the age of sixteen, my ideas took a turn more to my father's satisfaction. A neighbouring farmer had a daughter, to whom I became passionately attached. Her person was pretty, her manners gentle and unassuming; and I had the happiness to perceive that I was equally esteemed by her. Our friends were mutually pleased, and encouraged my addresses; and a day was fixed on for our union. About this time the Squire's son, young Longmead, returned

returned from college, and too soon singled out *Louisa Alton* for the object of his licentious pursuit. The weak girl, flattered by a preference, the object of which her vanity suffered her to misunderstand, listened to his artful tale with a partial ear; and forgot the claim of a poor farmer's son in the brilliant prospects which fancy presented to her ambition. My remonstrances were vain. "I was a rustic. She had been persuaded by her parents, and deceived in imagining that she could ever be happy with me:" and such frivolous excuses as too plainly proved, that, in forgetting me, she was also likely to forget herself. This was a death-blow to my affection; for at that age I loved with all the romantic ardour of inexperienced youth. Stung with jealousy, I watched the conduct of my rival with caution and perseverance. I found that his views were not honorable; and, in a fit of rage and desperation, madly challenged him. His reply was so insulting, that, in the heat of my rage, I struck him; and from that moment found myself involved in a series of calamities, the result of my imprudence. The fickle-minded Louisa took the part of my enemy, whose malice pursued me with rancour most inveterate. By his insidious misrepresentations, the minds of the neighbourhood were filled with a belief, that my father was a monopolizer; with a variety of other suggestions, calculated to excite their hatred. His base plan was but too successful. The produce of our small estate was consumed in a night by a misguided mob. We were driven from our peaceful home with shouts and execrations; and the abode of content and industry was pillaged by the zealous supporters of justice. My poor father, ignorant of crime, vainly made application for redress: every heart was hardened against him; and we were driven forth from our paternal home destitute of means for our future support. In London I had an uncle established in trade, and to him we bent our steps.

He received us kindly, and promised to do his utmost to find us some profitable employment. He was faithful to his word. I was, by his intercession, received into a merchant's counting-house; and my father obtained the office of letter-sorter at the Post-Office. Thus it was that my first love adventure threatened me with ruin, and fixed in my mind a dread of the sex, which was not lessened by the adventures I afterwards met with in search of a wife.

"In the course of two years I ceased to think of Louisa with regret, and turned my attention to a young lady, the daughter of a widow woman, at whose house I lodged. She had received an expensive education; and her accomplishments could not fail to fascinate, while her personal attractions charmed the beholder. The pretty Miss Alton sunk into insignificance, when compared with the lovely Emma Courtney; and I became once more the slave of beauty. Young, and sanguine in my pursuit, the smile of coquetry was misconstrued into the sweet satisfaction of reciprocal affection. I attended Emma to all public places; and while my unremitting assiduity to please her, entitled me to the reward of her truest esteem and regard, I found myself enthralled in a state of servitude, from which I could scarcely hope to be released, as the chains were forged by my own folly and ignorance. Ladies, think not I express myself with too little respect. Nature implanted in our breasts a love, a veneration for your sex; and if we break through her rules, and disregard her gentle admonitions, it is only when petty caprices disgrace her fairest works, and teach us to rebel even where inclination would lead us to obey. Secure of being beloved even to weakness, Emma triumphed in my temporary mortifications. She no longer thought it necessary to keep her engagements with me: if I wished to walk with her, "She had promised some of her female friends; but I might walk out to Islington, and meet them on their

their return." When I wished to attend her to the Theatre, "She was going with a party. I might look in at the after-piece, and escort her home." When any of her acquaintances came to see her, I was ordered to see them safe to their own houses: and if I was not ready to act the lacquey on all occasions, I was reproached with asperity by my fair tyrant. In fact, I soon found that I was merely considered as a "useful creature;" an animal which your fine ladies generally desire to keep in their possession, for the sake of shewing them about, and triumphing over their less attractive companions, who have not charms sufficient to secure such an humble votary. Tired, at length, by a number of frivolous insults, too tedious to mention, and too degrading to think on, I found resolution to quit the scene of my humiliation. It was about this time that I became acquainted with the daughter of my employer, whose increasing confidence led him to treat me as one of the family; and in a short time I became an inmate of his house. Miss Elrington had many pleasing qualities, but few likely to attract at first sight; and I was too warm an admirer of beauty, to feel the least emotion in her presence. Her gentle manners, and amiable disposition, aided by the degree of attention with which she distinguished me, soon filled me with the most sincere friendship for the amiable girl, which, without vanity, she might easily mistake for regard. I no sooner discovered this error, than I felt the most poignant regret, and strove most sedulously to undeceive her. Miss Elrington had too good an understanding not to comprehend all the motives of my conduct; and I could perceive that her constitution struggled with the conflict of her mind. Honor and gratitude pointed out my proper line of conduct; and, regardless of my own advantage, I quitted her father's protection. The good old man urged me repeatedly to explain the reasons of my leaving him;

and though offended by my obstinacy, promised me his friendship.

"With a heart formed for a tender attachment, I was not likely to remain long at liberty. Chance threw in my way a little girl, whose lively manners, and fascinating glances, healed the wounds which my pride had received from the two first objects of my attention. As I had engaged in a mercantile concern, apparently very advantageous, I began seriously to think of marriage; and Fanny Trueman listened to my proposals with the most flattering condescension. It is true, that, in my present views, I was not altogether unmindful of my future prospects; but, fearful of being again subjected to the arbitrary power of beauty, I affected a degree of carelessness foreign to my real sentiments. Fanny, by nature rather jealous, and diffident of her own merit, was pained by my seeming indifference; and her remonstrances too soon seemed a restraint upon me. I was truly attached to her; but, tenacious of my liberty, and obstinately persisting in my plan of independence, I trifled with her feelings to a most culpable degree. With proper spirit she resented my conduct, and bestowed her hand upon one more capable of doing her justice; one, whose soul had not been stung to torture by the caprices of her own sex. I rallied myself out of the chagrin which Fanny's marriage at first occasioned, and launched into every sort of dissipation, to the manifest injury of my health and fortune; for my speculations had been successful in most instances: I need only except my matrimonial schemes. Again I became a lover. A smart shewy girl attracted my notice. Her person was agreeable; and, to all appearance, seemed a most suitable match for me. Her accomplishments were the constant theme of every one who mentioned her to me. But the following conversation with an old woman, who occasionally visited the family, gave a new turn to my ideas. Accompanying this person home to her lodging one night,

night, I ingratiated myself into her good graces so much by my attention to her hobbling steps, that she thought it an act of charity to open my eyes.

"You are considered as the lover of Caroline, I understand, (said she.) How long have you been intimate?" "About two months," was my reply. "Ah! that is a short time in the selection of a companion for life." "That is true: but I am not young, and have no time to lose." "Better to lose two years of pleasure, than devote twenty to misery." "Your words seem to have a particular meaning: may I beg the favor of an explanation?" "Certainly. You admire Caroline; for what? her person, her accomplishments, or her temper?" "For all these." "Which you judge of by merely visiting. Well, then, let me tell you, that Art is principal handmaid at Caroline's toilet; that she is in her own domestic circle, a slattern, a scold, and a spendthrift." "You speak with malice, I fear: all her friends extol her." "Her friends are hangers-on, who are gainers by her extravagance; and her friends are too anxious to get an expensive burthen off their hands, to let a lover know her faults. To judge of my veracity, throw off the ceremony of courtship; watch Caroline narrowly, and without partiality, and you will find that regard for you both influences me to speak. Reform her, and you may be happy." This was a task I was not willing to undertake. I was hopeless of success: for a month's close observation convinced me, that I had been only dazzled by appearances; and as I found no solid good qualities to reward my pains, I abandoned all thoughts of such an arduous enterprise; and left the lady to profit by experience, and endeavour to become in reality, what she took so much pains to appear.

"These disappointments made me morose and gave me a contemptible opinion of the sex; the injustice of which I now humbly acknowledge. Many, no doubt, have been discouraged at the outset: may

they, like me, persevere, and be blest with the forgiving smile of modest worth, which pardons our wanderings, corrects our errors, and stimulates us to prove deserving of the distinction conferred by virtuous unassuming affection.

"I have now to relate another painful event in my life. The failure of a house with which I was materially concerned, in addition to my own extravagance, threw my affairs into such a state of derangement, that I soon after became a bankrupt, and was thrown into the King's Bench by a rapacious creditor. From this irksome confinement I was shortly relieved by an unknown hand. Remembering my first generous benefactor, I flew to express my gratitude; for I doubted not that he was my secret friend. He, however, positively denied any knowledge of the transaction, but insisted on my resuming my situation in his house, till I could obtain my certificate. I was too happy in his favor to refuse, and was again presented to the gentle Mary Elrington, whose countenance, in our first interview, convinced me that her sentiments had suffered very little change. Her emotion affected me to a degree I can hardly describe: I felt a secret sting of remorse for the insensibility with which I had repaid her generous preference; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, secretly vowed to devote the remainder of my life to make her happy.

She soon perceived a change in my behaviour; yet, ever delicate, her conduct was regulated by the same modest reserve, which interested me so much in our former acquaintance: yet her more cheerful voice, and the animation of her features, convinced me that the change gave her pleasure. Heaven seemed to sanction this choice; for my affairs began to take a more favorable turn, and, in the course of three years, I was again established in business. It was then I first made proposals, which were received with pleasure by Mr. Elrington, who compelled me to share with him the profits of an extensive commercial

cial concern; and in confidence declared to me, that Mary had been my secret liberator. Judge of my feelings at this fresh proof of disinterested regard and constancy. Such, Madam, is my Mary. Condemn me if you please. By her generosity was my father comfortably provided for, at a time when my folly had nearly involved him a second time in distress. Yet think not that mere gratitude would thus have bound me to her: I have found her possessed of all the virtues which can give value to the female character. The death of my excellent patron, about twelve months since, left me master of a most ample fortune. With delight I purchased the ground which my forefathers tilled, where, quitting the cares, the anxieties of traffic, I hope in future to lead a life of calm tranquillity, notwithstanding the jeers of my neighbours, or the invidious slander of my quondam sweethearts, some of whom now reside in your village. The principal of these, Miss Alton, disappointed in her ambitious views, is now, I find, a neglected spinster: and the haughty Emma Courtney, now Mrs. Pompous.

"Thus, Madam, I have trespassed on your time, with a view to ensure a kind reception for my dear Mary; and to prove to you, that a man is not altogether deserving of general ridicule, who thinks proper to marry what the world erroneously calls an ugly woman.

"GREGORY GRUMBLE."

This whimsical narrative afforded me some amusement: but as I perceived a few of my visitors were inclined to make ill-natured remarks, I forbore any further comments. I trust, however, it will prove a salutary hint to some of my guests.

ON

ON CONTENTMENT;

Interspersed with the History of MERCATIO *and the* BELLOWS-MENDER.

"A CONTENTED mind is a continual feast," says the proverb; and in that opinion I perfectly concur: for in a world which is full of trials and vexations, a contented disposition is the greatest blessing which Nature can bestow.

The ambitious man will deny the justice of this assertion: the aspiring genius will declare, that contentment was designed for fools: and the miser, eager to accumulate a load of worldly treasures, will, as his coffers increase in magnitude, still think they are too small.

That the Great Disposer of all events has for some wise and beneficent purpose, implanted in the human bosom, a thirst after that something which is never to be attained, is a truth which requires not the aid of argument to prove; for it is clearly to be read in the page of every individual's life. To accomplish a favorite design, of what exertions is the mind of man capable! To make use of the words of a sacred writer, "He riseth up early, and late taketh rest." He obtains the wish which he had so ardently desired to see gratified, and becomes dissatisfied from not having some object in pursuit! This is no uncommon representation of human nature, but a picture of real life which daily occurs; doubtless, for the purpose of convincing us, that real happiness is not to be met with in this world. This never-failing desire after that which is with difficulty attainable, is confined to no one particular station of life. Rank pines for an augmentation of its dignities: affluence sighs for those distinctions which are universally attached to rank: whilst the worm of discontent preys upon the mind of the ambitious; and honors, instead of

of gratifying, make them more eagerly desire an increase.

The man of business looks forward to the blessings derived from independence, when he may carelessly repose upon the couch of inactivity with quietness and ease; and no longer be under the necessity of making those bodily exertions, which have increased his property, and improved his health. This long-wished-for happiness presents itself before him: independence appears decorated with ten thousand illusive charms. He purchases a house, retires into the country, and expires before the close of one year! What epidemic or fatal malady cut off this sanguine being at the very moment all his wishes were realized, and he had just obtained the means of enjoying the fruits which industry and application yield? This natural question shall readily be answered, by a simple relation of a matter of fact, which has occurred within my own knowledge to a friend whom I sincerely esteemed.

Mercatio (for by that name I shall distinguish him) was the youngest of nine sons: his father unfortunately died, and left his widow and numerous offspring almost dependant upon an unfeeling world. Without having arrived at an age capable of deep reflection, yet Mercatio was old enough to feel those mortifications which a change of fortune must produce; and was sensibly wounded by the cool behaviour of those persons who had so often been treated with friendship and hospitality by the author of his birth. Through the exertions of a distant relation, his mother obtained an asylum in one of those charitable foundations which were instituted for the support of the widows of clergymen, where, in a short time, she expired; and his two sisters were then placed at a seminary for orphans upon Lisson Green. These mortifying transitions deeply preyed upon the mind of Mercatio; and he soon began to regard money as the greatest earthly good; and considering

trade

trade as the most likely means of obtaining it, he intreated his friends to exert their influence in his behalf. A linen-draper, with whom his father had dealt largely, being made acquainted with his wish of acquiring a knowledge of some trade, generously offered to receive him into his family, without the accustomed fee.

Gratitude induced Mercatio to be indefatigably assiduous. He served the five years of his apprenticeship without having once merited the slightest reproof; and became so great a favorite with his master, that he soon afterwards obtained a share in the concern. During the life of his respected father, Mercatio had appeared as anxious to augment his store of knowledge, as, after that unexpected event, he was solicitous to increase his stock of wealth; and as every wish was centered in riches, the ledger was then the only book he ever read. The rectitude of his principles, however, prevented him from taking those advantages by which a large fortune is rapidly obtained, and he had reached the age of five and fifty, before he found himself sufficiently independent to retire from trade. He was still, however, in the full vigour of manhood, and completely capable of enjoying all those blessings which a liberal fortune bestows. He purchased an estate about forty miles distant from the Metropolis, under the idea of tasting happiness unalloyed. The sports of the country, however, afforded no great gratification to Mercatio. He had totally lost that relish which, when a boy, he had derived from books; and time, instead of flying on the wings of pleasure, moved with a tardy progress, which made each day appear too long.

The house to which he had retired, was situated in a romantic country, and for the first month seemed a perfect paradise: but the neighbourhood consisted of men born to large fortunes, and of sportsmen, whose greatest happiness was derived from the field.

field. With neither class could Mercatio form any degree of intimacy. With the former he felt the disadvantage of an uncultivated mind; and from the society of the latter, he could not derive the slightest gratification, as neither drinking nor hunting afforded him delight. Instead of that exhilaration of spirits, which he had expected the pure air of the country would have inspired him with, a languor he had never before experienced, overwhelmed his mind; and he soon became a complete valetudinarian, without being able to specify any particular complaint.

About three months after this worthy man had quitted business, I accepted an invitation of passing a few days at his house; and at that early period foresaw what would be the effect of retirement, and strongly advised him to return again to town. "Habit, (said I,) my good friend, is at our time of life, second nature. Your mind, naturally active, pines for its accustomed employ. You have thrown yourself into a new world, where the inhabitants have not a single idea congenial to your own. In the expression of our feelings, and the mutual interchange of sentiment, the comfort of society alone consists; and we might as well be banished from the world, as associate with beings who are in every respect different creatures to ourselves."

Mercatio seemed to feel the truth of this observation; yet, unfortunately, rejected my advice; and actually died in less than a twelvemonth, merely from a discontented disposition, and the want of his accustomed employ. He had arrived, it is true, at the end of his wishes; and, by industry and application, had realized upwards of forty thousand pounds; yet he certainly was a more unhappy being than when, destitute of a guinea, he first began the world. In the history of Mercatio, there doubtless is not any thing extraordinary. Integrity and honor marked every action of his life; but Nature had not bestowed

upon him that most desirable of blessings, a contented mind.

I had just paid the last sad tribute of friendship to that worthy man, and was riding at a foot pace, in a very melancholy mood, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the following doggerel, though appropriate song, which, by checking the reins of my Rosinante, I very distinctly heard, and at the same time beheld its composer busily occupied in his trade.

I am a jolly bellows-mender,
And love my wife and friend;
My mast was split on board a tender,
Which doctors could not mend.

So now I doctor broken bellows,
Although a tar at heart;
For Jack is brave, my honest fellows,
And fears not Bonaparte.

The tune of the song corresponded with the expression; and there was an hilarity in the mutilated sailor's countenance, calculated to inspire cheerfulness in the mind of those by whom it was beheld. "Are those lines, (said I,) my friend, your own composition? If so, they ought to procure you a better trade." "Why poets, your Honor, I have heard, are seldom much richer than bellows-menders, (replied the fellow;) and it does not signify what a man does, so that he can but earn an honest bit of bread. Not but if my timbers were all sound, I would rather *serve* my King and country, than be the finest gentleman that ever lived upon land."

"It is a pity the King is not acquainted with the loyalty of your sentiments, my honest fellow; for I am persuaded he would give you a more honorable employ." "As to that matter, (rejoined the tar,) if his Majesty was to give pensions to all those who bleed for their country, he might, for aught I know, be obliged to mend bellows himself. I am contented, Sir, and that is sufficient. Success to old England; and God bless the King." As

As he said this, he took his hat off, and waved it three times in the air; and, without paying the slightest attention to the astonishment depictured upon my countenance, renewed his singing and his employ. There was something in the tones of the man's voice so truly expressive of contentment, that they excited a desire of knowing the principal events of his life; and, presenting him with a guinea to drink the health of his Sovereign, I intreated him to gratify that curiosity which he had inspired.

"There is an old saying, your Honor, and a very true one, that it is better to be born fortunate than rich: not that I am going to hum-bug you, by telling you that my father was a gentleman, for that would be a very great lie; but he was an honest man, and that is better; and very well to do in the world: in short, Sir, he was a miller, and likewise had a little farm. His landlord, however, and he happened to have a quarrel; and might, you know, overcomes right; so he was turned out of his mill, which grieved him so sadly, that I shall ever think he died of a broken heart." Here the sailor paused; and passing his hand across his forehead, convinced me that sensibility and cheerfulness by turns ruled his heart; and, recovering himself in a few moments, he proceeded in the following words. "The death of my father was a sad stroke to me. I was then about fourteen, and always had felt a strong hankering after a seafaring life. My poor mother, however, could not bear the thought of parting from me; and so, as I was in duty bound, I gave it up, and engaged myself to work with a neighbouring miller, and went home every night. At length I took it into my head to buy a share in the lottery, and the ticket came up five thousand pounds. Think, your Honor, what it was for a boy of seventeen, for a few shillings, as you may say, to get five hundred and fifty pounds! I verily thought I should have gone mad with pleasure: but I was more rejoiced for my poor

mother than I was for myself; and, by the advice of our neighbours, I went up to *Lunnon*. Deuce take their foolish heads, for I could as well have received it in the country, and then all would have been well. I will not, however, begin that story, for I cannot bear to think of it to this very day, and so, to cut short the matter, I fell in with a company of sharpers, who prevented me the trouble of carrying my money home. This, you may be sure, was a heart-breaking thing to happen: but the worst misfortune was past; for, after losing my poor father, of course, I could bear the loss of a little cash. My mother, at first, took on sadly: but, as good luck would have it, an uncle of hers died soon after, and left her three hundred pounds, with which she again went into business, and I managed all her affairs. At this time I envied no living mortal; (nay, for the matter of that, I don't know that I do so now;) but I soon began to think my mother was not so fond of me, and did not seem satisfied, though I never neglected my work. There was a reason for this, your Honor, which I discovered afterwards; for my mother had taken a liking to a young spark not much older than myself; and, without giving me the least notice of her intention, made him master of the house, as well as the mill. She was my mother, to be sure, and I had no right to say any thing; but, to own the truth, this piece of folly stuck in my gall; and I resolved, without more ado, to seek my fortune, and see a little of the world. All I asked of my mother was her blessing, which she readily enough gave; for she no longer opposed my wish of going to sea, knowing that I and father-in-law were not likely to agree. All my vexations were soon forgotten; for, as my song says, your Honor, I was a sailor at heart, and would at any time face the mouth of a cannon to *sarve* my country, and protect my King. Our commander was as brave a fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather. We twice boarded a Frenchman of superior force;

and

and gave the *Mounseers* such a drubbing, as they will never forget to the end of the war. To be sure my poor carcass got pretty well peppered; but I never flinched at a little pain, although I have had as many holes in my body as there are in a tin cullender. The doctor, however, patched me together again; and, at the worst, I was always heart whole.

"After that, we took an East India prize from them, and every man's share came to a matter of eighty odd pounds. But the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, says the Scripture; and so it happened with us; for, instead of reaping a golden harvest, we were all taken prisoners, and thrown into a French Gaol. Thank God, however, I was born an Englishman, or, mayhap, I might have been as cruel and hard-hearted as the French; for such a set of inhuman devils, I believe, never before lived. The closeness of the prison, and the want of wholesome victuals, brought me to the brink of the grave. But God Almighty, your Honor, is all sufficient, and when we least expected it, we were all exchanged. Oh, Lord, Sir! did you but know the blessing of liberty, and the comfort of breathing the fresh air! Not that I ever, in all my trouble, suffered my spirits to be cast down; for, as the song says, "a faint heart never won a fair lady;" and a man would go through a good deal for a smile from a pretty girl. Though my mother had not latterly shown me much kindness, yet I could not help having a hankering after home: so I resolved, as soon as I set my foot upon Old England, to show her that I had not forgotten the duty of a son. But, as Fortune often contrives to defeat our good intentions, I had scarcely proceeded ten miles on my journey, when I was met by a press-gang, and smelling a rat, I thought it was better to volunteer my services. Besides, I was always ready to prove my loyalty to my King; so, without more ado, I hailed this band of *nickers*, telling them, that I was their man! I am

now, your Honor, coming to the end of my story; for I was put aboard a tender as though I had not volunteered; and, as we were going to join the Romney, we unfortunately fell in with the French gun-boats; and, in that engagement, I lost my supporter; and, as I could not get any pension, I began to fear I should starve; for I received a shot in my groin, and another under my shoulder, so that I was rendered unfit for hard work. For six months I lay in the hospital, and, during that time, wrote my mother an account of all my mishaps. A friend of my father's answered the letter, and informed me of her death; and told me as how her husband had spent all her money, and had run away from the town over head and ears in debt.

"This was another sad shock to me; for my mother was my mother, your Honor, though she had played the fool; yet I determined not to let my heart fail me; for what can't be cured must be endured. A bellows-mender happened to be in the same hospital, who kindly offered to learn me his trade; and it is now four years since I first took to it, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, I make shift to live. Sometimes I have plenty of money; at others, I cannot get employment; but I never yet wanted a bit of bread."

Here this happy mortal concluded his eventful history. I gazed upon him with a mixture of admiration and surprise; and so charmed was I with his resignation and philosophy, that I gave him another guinea to drink success to our fleets. It was impossible to avoid drawing a comparison between the characters of Mercatio and the bellows-mender; and though there is not any thing strikingly singular in the events of either's life, yet I think they may afford a useful lesson to those who are not blessed with contented minds.

THE

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'Let us wander wild and free,
In sport and whimsicality,
Thro' gay Fancy's flow'ry maze;
Nor blame us, though you scorn to praise.'

Under such an interdict, we should forfeit all pretensions to courtesy, if we presumed to tax Mrs. Hunter's playful muse with frivolity, or alleged that she wandered through tamer regions than 'gay Fancy's flow'ry maze.' In this dilemma, we can only state the purport of her effusions, and quote one of the best of them.

The late Miss Macdonald, daughter of Lord Chief Baron Macdonald, possessed a singular facility in sketching groupes of little winged boys. These groupes suggested the little poems which accompany them, and which were originally written for the amusement of the young. Thirteen of these *innocent* Anacreontics are here annexed to as many etchings, which evince considerable ease and grace of outline. *Monthly Review.*

Practical Rules for the Management and Medical Treatment of Negro Slaves in the Sugar Colonies. By a Professional Planter. 8vo. pp. 470. 8s. Boards.

Not only the feelings of humanity, but the still more powerful incitement of interest, must forcibly direct our attention to the topics treated of in this volume. The situation in which the West Indian slaves are placed, as well as the natural peculiarities in their physical constitution, point them out as requiring a mode of management, both in health and in sickness, different from that which is applicable to Europeans; yet, among the numerous publications that have appeared on the climate and diseases of the West Indies,

no

no author of much eminence or respectability, as far as we recollect, has expressly devoted his attention to this subject. We will not assert that the book now before us, in every respect, supplies this deficiency; but we can safely say, that it contains a body of useful information, on a variety of important topics connected with the management of negroes, that, we believe, has not before been given to the public in so convenient and accessible a form.

Monthly Review.

The Penance of Hugo, a Vision on the French Revolution. In the Manner of Dante; in Four Cantos. Written on the Occasion of the Death of Nathaniel Hugo de Basseville, Envoy from the French Republic at Rome, January 14, 1793. *Translated from the Italian of Vincenzo Monti into English Verse. With Two additional Cantos. By the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. &c. pp.* 172.

Mr. Boyd, whose poetical productions, within a short space of time, have been numerous, has distinguished himself by his fondness for a peculiar style of poetry. He delights in allegory, and that species of allegory which is found in the writings of Spenser and Dante. The latter of these poets, he has accordingly translated into English; while he has written an avowed imitation of the former, of which we shall hereafter give an account to the public. The Penance of Hugo is a poem of the same description, an imitation of the Inferno of Dante. The original author, Vincenzo Monti, is known in Italy as the author of two tragedies, which have met with great applause, Aristodemo and Manfred.

Literary Journal.

The Pilgrim of the Cross; or, the Chronicles of Christabelle de Mowbray; an Ancient Legend. By Elizabeth Helme. Four Volumes. 18*s.*

This is an interesting story, formed from events which are supposed to have taken place in the time of the crusades. The manners of the times are tolerably well exhibited, and the characters sufficiently marked. The matter, on the whole, is sufficiently interesting to keep the attention alive, and the work certainly deserves a favorable reception.

Literary Journal.

An Historical Account of the Black Empire of Hayti: comprehending a View of the principal Transactions in the Revolution of Saint Domingo; with its ancient and modern State. By Marcus Rainsford, Esq. late Captain, Third West India Regiment, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 500. *Plates.* 2*l.* 2*s.*

Major

Major Rainsford has here given to the public an account of the important settlement of Saint Domingo, more succinct, perspicuous, and complete, than any which has yet been published. In his first chapter, he takes an historical view of the island, from its discovery by Columbus, towards the close of the 15th century, (when it was called Hayti, by the natives) to the year 1789, when it had arrived at a very high pitch of prosperity. In the selection of his materials for this introductory part, he has evidently consulted the best authorities; and his narrative of facts, and also his observations upon them, are strictly impartial. The account of the Buccaneers, in which that extraordinary body of men are rescued from the calumnious imputations of Archenlotz and Raynal, and exhibited in a fair and proper light, without partiality on the one side, or prejudice on the other, is highly interesting.

Anti-Jacobin.

Two Essays: One, on the Author's Mode of executing Rough Sketches; the Other, on the Principles on which they are composed. To these are added Three Plates of Figures, by Sawrey Gilpin, Esq. R. A. By William Gilpin, M. A. 8vo. 3s. *sewed.*

It appears that these Essays were written for the purpose of promoting a sale of some of the venerable author's drawings, the produce of which was to be applied to the maintenance of a parish-school which he had founded at Boldre, near Lymington; and they are preceded by an account of that establishment, in which his liberality in providing the means, and his judgment in the management of it, will equally call forth the praises of the reader. Mr. Gilpin has now paid the debt of nature. How far the effort of his benevolence is likely to succeed, without his fostering care, we are not enabled to say: but the amiable method which he took to give it publicity, will no doubt excite in others a charitable disposition to countenance the orphan institution.

Mr. Gilpin's celebrity in describing the graphic art, will occasion us to take more notice of this pamphlet, than its size would otherwise seem to demand. Any production of the pen of that admired writer, on this subject, is likely to be eagerly embraced by a numerous class of readers; to whom we shall offer a few observations.

Monthly Review.

Correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hartford, (afterwards Duchess of Somerset,) and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, between the Years 1738 *and* 1741. *Three Vols.* 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s. Boards.*

Perhaps, no country in the world has produced a greater number of sensible and accomplished women than Great Britain; and we think, that this is a circumstance which does honor to our native Isle.

Isle. The cultivated understandings of our females, shew that they are not, and ought not, to be degraded as women are in other countries; and, indeed, they often convince us that, although in their organic structure, they are "the weaker vessels," the mental jewels which they include, are not less valuable than those which belong to masculine bodies. The Correspondence before us, displays not merely all the politeness and good breeding which are to be expected from people of rank, but evinces nice observation and good sense; and, though its contents are not all equally interesting or striking, the remarks which both ladies occasionally make, are creditable to their minds and hearts. *Monthly Review.*

Original Anecdotes of Frederic the Second, King of Prussia, and of his Family, his Court, his Ministers, his Academies, and his Literary Friends: collected during a familiar Intercourse of Twenty Years with that Prince. Translated from the French of Dieudonné Thiebault, Professor of Belles Lettres in the Academy at Berlin. Two Vols. 8vo.

To those who are desirous to form an accurate opinion with respect to every part of the character of Frederic the Second, the volumes before us must prove a treasure. Here we have that Monarch delineated both in private and public, in his actions and speeches, by a person endowed with no common talents as an observer; who had, during a residence of twenty years at the court of Berlin, occupied himself in carefully treasuring up the anecdotes which he has now committed to the public. M. Thiebault, by a behaviour circumspect to a degree, which can scarcely be conceived by those unaccustomed to watch the looks of an absolute monarch, appears to have acquired the confidence of Frederic in an eminent degree: he had frequent access to the person of the monarch, and was in the habit of hearing the sentiments expressed of him in the best informed societies. Our author relates what he saw and heard with an air of candour and simplicity, which leaves his veracity without suspicion. *Literary Journal.*

Reflections on the Causes of Unhappy Marriages, and on various Subjects therewith connected. An Epitome of the Law of Marriage and Divorce, with judicial Decisions, touching Separation, Alimony, the Debts and separate Property of the Wife. To which is added, a brief Account of the Civil Law and Spiritual Courts, with a new Plan for Settling Separate Maintenance without Ecclesiastical Process. By Randle Lewis, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 4s. 6d.

This

This short treatise contains an epitome of the laws of marriage and divorce; to which are prefixed some moral considerations, tending to prevent that unhappiness of the married state, and the frequent violation of the nuptial tie, which are so much the disgrace of the present age. The work is intended for the information of the middle class of society; and is delivered in plain, perspicuous language. The ideas of the author are in general just; and we heartily recommend it to the perusal of those, for whom it is intended. *Literary Journal.*

Memoirs of Samuel Foote, Esq. with a Collection of his genuine Bons-Mots, Anecdotes, Opinions, &c. mostly Original; and Three of his Dramatic Pieces not published in his Works. By William Cooke, Esq. Three Vols. 12mo.

It will be long before the talents of Foote, "the singularity of his genius, the sprightliness of his wit, the exuberance of his fancy, and the frequent utility of his satire," are entirely forgotten. At present he lives in the memory of many who knew the man, and have enjoyed his humour—

> Humour, with arched brow, and leering eye,
> Shrewd, solemn, sneering, subtle, slow, and sly,
> Serious herself, yet laughter still provoking,
> By teasing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking.
>
> PROL. TO THE NABOB.

Numbers, too, of congenial souls, since born, still keep their eye upon his remains, and often feelingly exclaim, "He should have died hereafter!" The few thirty years, therefore, which have removed him from this scene, have yet left him so interesting to the public mind, that they will be grateful to Mr. Cooke, through whose industry he now flourishes, and again "looks green." *Monthly Mirror.*

Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself; containing his literary and political Life, and Anecdotes of the principal Characters of the Eighteenth Century. Translated from the French. Four Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Boards.

This is one of the most interesting productions which has issued from the French press since the commencement of the Revolution. To a narrative of the private life of an estimable writer, is added a view of the brilliant literary societies of Paris before the close of the French monarchy, and of the first scenes of that awful tragedy which

which Europe still contemplates, as it proceeds, with increasing apprehension. The style of the work is, also, not less attractive than its matter: it is eloquent, flowing, and easily inclines, in pursuing the course of events, either to the ludicrous or the pathetic. We again find, in this production, the manner which charmed us in the author's early Tales, and which he seemed to have forgotten in his last. *Monthly Review.*

A Description of the Island of St. Helena; containing Observations on its singular Structure and Formation; and an Account of its Climate, Natural History, and Inhabitants. Crown 8vo. pp. 265. 6s. Boards.

When we consider, that the Island of St. Helena has been in the possession of Europeans during three hundred years, that it has been visited by men of science, and that it is a refreshing station for the shipping of the greatest trading company in the world; we may be allowed to express our surprise, that it should have remained so long without its own historian. If the present tract should, in some respects, be found defective, the author may plead, that his survey was limited to the short space of five weeks; and that he could derive little assistance from the incidental notices of prior writers. Although we are confident that his description admits of enlargement; it, nevertheless, presents us with more useful and distinct information, than we can properly compress into a brief analysis. *Monthly Review.*

Tales, by Madame de Montolieu, Author of Caroline de Lichfield; being a Continuation and Conclusion of the Arabian Nights.—A Fragment from a Voyage to England—The Lake of the Swans—and Melechsala; or, The Language of Flowers. Three Vols. 12mo. 12s.

The author of Caroline of Lichfield, is well known as one of the most successful of all novelists; and, what is very uncommon, as a writer of novels in the French language, uniting the interests of morality with those of curiosity and amusement. The present Tales are not unworthy of the author of Caroline of Lichfield. They are among the most interesting things of the kind; and, though in the greater number of them, recourse is occasionally had to the machinery of the fairy tales, it is used sparingly; and there is more delineation of human life and character, than is usual in effusions of this sort. They have the further advantage, an advantage which foreign books very seldom obtain, now a days, of being very well translated. We have the pleasure to perceive, that the translation, too, is by a lady. *Literary Journal.*

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

Bonnet of Blue Velvet, with White Ostrich Feather. Spencer of Blue Velvet, trimmed with Swandown. Round Dress of Cambric Muslin, with a Lace Flounce. Boots Blue. Buff Gloves; and Swandown Muff.

FULL DRESS.

Fashionable Head Dress, ornamented with Oak Leaves. Curricle of Leno, trimmed with deep Lace, and embroidered with Oak Leaves, over a Train of Devonshire Brown Sarsenet, with White Sleeves. Buff Gloves; and Swandown Tippet.

ACROSTIC DIRGE.

L ong has Britannia rul'd the waves, and still her sons her rights maintain,
O n ocean still her foes she braves, her hearts of oak fight not in vain.
R ough and bold in Freedom's cause, their friends', their country's, and their King's,
D ear envied liberty and laws! this nerves their arm, and victory brings.

N o viet'ry e'er more dearly bought, than that Trafalgar's shores will tell;
E ach tar a deathless name there got; but there, too, Nile's great Hero fell!
L amented Hero! matchless Chief! thy deeds recall'd, now tears employ—
S o will'd the Lord of All, that grief, should mingle in our cup of joy.
O ur confidence in man He checks, and shews us 'tis the God of Hosts,
N ot arm of flesh—'tis He protects, He saves our Island, guards our coasts.
'S o great the blessings Britons taste; our grateful, cheerful thanks let's pay,

D eserving wrath for each day past, yet mercy still illumes our way.
E ngland is crown'd with favor still, enabled to maintain her right,
A nd soon may peace the measure fill! true end for which her warriors fight.
T hen though our mighty Chief is slain, and Victory's trophied o'er with woe;
H is mem'ry ever shall remain, with gratitude our hearts still glow.

9th January, 1806.

The Apollonian Wreath.

IMPROMPTU

On seeing DELIA *in deep Mourning for a very slight Acquaintance.*

BY DR. PERFECT.

DOES poignant grief my Delia's heart assail,
Depress her lilies, and her roses pale?
Why these external sables of despair?
Do these affliction of the heart declare?
A parent, brother, or a sister, mourn,
As trav'lers gone, that never must return!
'Tis well, my fair—appearance kind and meet,
That speaks a mind estrang'd from all deceit;
To kindred grief discharge the debt you owe,
But scorn the semblance of *affected* woe.

AN OLD MAN'S PETITION.

WHEN age of beauty pleads in strains sincere,
'Twill one small mark of charity supply:
Who can unmov'd observe the pearly tear,
That falls in pity from that beauty's eye?

'Tis like a dew-drop from the sphere above,
That falls to nourish where it chance to light;
'Tis Mercy's pittance of celestial love;
And dimming, adds a lustre to the sight.

I saw an aged wretch implore relief;
I paus'd to hear; when such a tale was told,
'Twould melt a heart of rock to liquid grief,
And ev'ry feeling to its truth unfold.

"Lady, one moment in your bounty spare;
"That face betrays a sympathy of soul,
"That will not turn averted from the pray'r,
"My bursting heart no longer can controul,

"Awhile ago, I farm'd a lot of land;
"A wife and children bless'd my circling days:
"The poor I welcom'd with an open hand,
"And shar'd alike their gratitude and praise.

"Three growing prattlers were our social crew,
"With one fair youth advanc'd to man's estate:
"Then all admir'd and loy'd the peaceful few
"Who liv'd content, nor envied to be great.

"Now, Fate revers'd, in mis'ry thus I stray,
"To beg my hapless mite from door to door;
"Alas! too often scoff'd at in my way,
"By those I cherish'd 'ere I grew so poor.

" The neighb'ring Bank, which fail'd so long ago,
" With half the riches of the country round,
" My glitt'ring joys converted into woe,
" And sunk my prospects lower than the ground.

" Still I look'd up; my children hungred still;
" Still look'd for fire their chilly limbs to warm:
" 'Twas mine a father's duty to fulfil;
" Hope beam'd, and labor nerv'd my willing arm.

" My boy, too, (peace to his departed worth,
" Methinks I see him in an angel's form,)
" Embrac'd us all; then, smiling, sallied forth,
" To shield us from the arrows of the storm.

" 'Twas then our nation's safety was alarm'd;
" His youth was ardent, and he caught the fire;
" A double motive now his bosom warm'd,
" To serve his country, and to feed his sire.

" Two years contented pass'd; our bread was sweet;
" Though mix'd with care, compar'd, it yet was joy;
" Great news arriv'd—our foe had lost their fleet—
" And I, alas! these tears!—had lost my boy!

" Now sorrows heap'd their load, and gain'd their way;
" This the forerunner of still worse to come;
" For one by one, my darlings clos'd their day,
" And I alone was left of all my home.

" A fever rag'd within our manor's claim;
" The mem'ry costs my heart a tear of blood;
" To many a sire it left a childless name,
" And nipt my blooming flow'rets in their bud.

" The stem that bore them now began to droop;
" My long-lov'd wife, my first and latest friend,
" My last support of Heav'n in Nature's scope,
" Now spun her wretched suff'rings to an end.

" Since that, some years have roll'd their ling'ring rounds;
" Years of despair, of horror, and of pain:
" Broken my heart, and recollection's wounds,
" Floating the circles of my frantic brain.

" Oh, Lady, list! believe me what I seem;
" I have not where to go, nor yet to stay;
" My food is chance, my draught the freezing stream,
" The sky my shelter, and the world my way.

" To me a trifle would each comfort give;
" My little wants are now but plain and few;
" I want but humbly, and in peace, to live,
" And die resign'd, as ev'ry man should do."

Thus clos'd his pray'r.——An angel heard the strain;
The tear its semblance truly did uphold:—
Now yonder cot, that skirts the village plain,
Protects his shiv'ring bosom from the cold. H.

SONG.

I.

WHEN Sawny first woo'd me, I thought it nae sin
To think o' the leer o' his bony blue een.
No, neathing on earth could my bosom sae cheer,
As when *talking wi' sighs*, he ca'd me his dear.

II.

As oft we hae met on the banks o' yon rill,
To list to the charms of the linnet's sweet thrill,
Aye, some how or other, we met ilka's eyes,
Then charms were a' neathing to th' talking of sighs.

III.

Ae clear winter's night, at my wheel as I sat,
Young Tam at our window gave a sly pit-a-pat;
Sine tun'd his fine reed. "Tut! laddy," I cries,
"Nae music's sae sweet as my Sawny's deep sighs."

IV.

Lord—ane ne'er should be hasty in making a vow;
For things are aye changing, ane no can tell how.
'Tis lang seven years sin' our courtship began;
The deuce take the fellow for—sighing sae lang.

Durham. PERCIVAL.

ADDRESS TO HOPE.

BY HENRY SKIDMORE.

OH, Hope! thou soother of each present woe,
Thou constant source of happiness below;
Through thy bright form the present we deceive,
And in futurity alone we live.
Like summer suns, thy influence benign,
Brightens our prospect at our days' decline;
Contracts our vision to each actual ill,
And points to pleasures that the world has still;
Shews to the hero the historian's page,
To ward his honors to a future age.
This, as he rushes on his country's foe
With martial ardour bids his bosom glow;
For this from rank to rank he rallying flies;
For this he conquers, and for this he dies.
One acting spring of life guides all mankind,
A hope in future happiness to find:
Yet oft, through Fancy's, and not Reason's, pow'r,
With partial eyes man views the future hour:
Thus ever anxious for some unknown good,
He lets the present ebb along life's flood.

FANNY's FATE.

A TALE.

KINSALE had virgins blooming fair
As flow'rets in the fragrant vale,
But none like Fanny blossom'd there,
The hapless subject of my tale.

Her rosy lip, and sparkling eye,
Her polish'd mind, and soothing tongue,
Her graceful mien, and modesty,
By rustic swains were daily sung.

From distant plains by knavery led,
Where Flatt'ry breathes her varnish'd tale,
Came Duncan to our peaceful glade,
And poison'd Truth's untainted gale.

With Fanny oft around he stray'd,
And brush'd the dew from daisies fair;
Ten thousand things delightful said,
But love or truth was never there.

Oft when the moon, with glimm'ring beam,
Shed solemn awe o'er wood and grove,
They walk'd by yonder limpid stream,
And by its banks they talk'd of love.

But, ah! fallacious, cruel man!
Why win a virtuous maiden's heart?
Despoil her charms with Falsehood's plan,
And wound with Guilt's empoison'd dart?

Ye virgins, mourn with wat'ry eyes;
The fairest flow'ret blooms no more:
To hide her shame in vain she tries,
Or smile as oft she did before.

Night veil'd the sky; her promise she
With faithless Duncan strove to keep,
Beside the oft frequented tree
Beneath its branching foliage deep.

There Duncan met her tearful eye,
With scornful brow and sullen gloom:
Her grave, sweet lass! was dug close by,
So near was Fanny to her tomb.

Around his neck poor Fanny clung,
And bath'd his murd'ring lips in tears:
"*Is this your love?*" her falt'ring tongue
In accents low to Duncan bears.

In vain she cried "O, spare my life!"
While sharp he drew the fatal steel;
Her breast receiv'd the murd'rous knife;
Her lips death's cold and icy seal.

Clouds veil'd the moon in sorrow sad,
And night's lone bird her requiem sung:
Into her grave the lovely maid
Was by the blood-stain'd Duncan flung.

Perfidious Duncan's flight pursue,
Ye fiends of Hell, with forked dart:
Sweet Fanny's death, inspir'd by you,
Remorseless steel'd the ruffian's heart.

Ye maids in tears around Kinsale,
Ye gen'rous youths, ye hoary sires,
In dirges sad for Fanny wail:
The plaintive tale your grief inspires.

Bestrew her grave with roses sweet,
And weep around her lonely urn:
At morn and eve the tale repeat;
From eve to morn for Fanny mourn.

She sleeps beneath yon grassy sod,
The fairest flow'r that grac'd Kinsale.
Lone pilgrims, as they wayward plod,
In dirges sad for Fanny wail.

Yarmouth. D. S.

STANZAS TO ANNA.

WHAT hideous sounds the dawn of joys arrest,
And blast Felicity's first charms with fears!
Why with unusual sorrow heaves my breast,
Why o'er my cheeks fast flow the trickling tears?

Hark, in my ears the cruel mandate rings;
Some power revengeful chides my long delay;
Stern fate hangs o'er me with malignant wings,
And tears me, Anna, from thy arms away.

Yet, ere I quit this ever-favor'd isle,
The tow'ring surface of the wave to sweep,
Ere, lovely Anna, I resign thy smile,
To tempt the frowns and terrors of the deep,

Accept, while thus sincerity bedews,
(Since doom'd, irrevocably doom'd to part,)
Thy Henry's long farewell, and last adieus;
These last effusions of his anxious heart.

Oh!

Oh! let, fair maid, each tributary line
To thee, at this ill-fated period prove,
With what unwillingness I now resign
The sacred charms of friendship and of love.

I go where war's dread devastations rise,
Where angry Discord's wheels indignant roll,
Where blood and slaughter greet the warrior's eyes,
And scenes of carnage chill the human soul.

Yet, whilst thy virtues Henry's bosom warm,
While charms like thine heroic deeds inspire,
Undaunted I shall view the threat'ning storm,
Nor feel this arm with war's dread labors tire.

And if, as every danger thus I dare,
Fate unpropitious stays my panting breath,
From my crown'd brows the hard-earn'd laurels tear,
And o'er their glories draw the veil of death.

If e'er thy solitary footsteps stray,
Or chance should lead thee to thy Henry's bier,
All that he asks to deck his mould'ring clay,
Is but the mournful tribute of a tear.

December 6th, 1805. H. C.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SHOULD not my Muse some tribute pay,
Should not your grandson something say,
To celebrate your natal day,
My Granny?

How oft not hungry I've been fed!
Who then would give me hunks of bread,
With butter or with honey spread?
My Granny.

How oft she bought me many a toy,
Which I in glee would soon destroy!
Who call'd me her dear darling boy?
My Granny.

Who took my hated book away,
Who from my school would let me stay,
And bid me run about and play?
My Granny.

Who let me tease poor Ann and Mary,
Who never chid me when contrary,
Who gave me cream when in the dairy?
My Granny.

Indulgent

Indulgent to my whimsies still,
Who ne'er was angry, well or ill,
Who always let me have my will?
My Granny.

Then, dearest Granny, never fear,
But that my love will be sincere;
This goodly name long may you bear,
My Granny.

M. H. S.

TO THE SAME,

By her Grandaughter.

MY willing Muse, with pride elate,
Shall now exert her pow'r,
And gladly she shall celebrate
My Granny's natal hour.

The hour that gave my Granny birth
Shall e'er to me be dear:
Let's keep it, then, with joy and mirth,
Nor let a cloud appear.

For tho' the summer's fled away,
And scarce has left a trace,
Your friends on this propitious day
Shall wear a happy face.

Then let me join the social crew,
And shew my untaught lay;
For I have not forgotten you
On this your natal day.

If these poor lines a glance obtain,
And I'm in hopes they will,
Then, when another year you gain,
I'll sing your praises still.

THE ANWSER TO BOTH.

HAIL, much-lov'd Muses, young and fair,
Your tender parents' constant care;
How oft you've sat on Granny's knee,
Who kiss'd your cheeks with so much glee!
Such fleeting hours then pass'd away,
To see the little bantlings play:
Now both are come to riper age,
Poor Granny's sliding off the stage:
With stumbling mind, and falt'ring voice,
She cannot soar in verses choice:
Then take her thanks, a tribute due
For much priz'd lines from Mark and you.

RETROSPECTION.

BACK, Mem'ry, trace the youthful scenes,
When Pleasure bade my footsteps rove
Beneath the verdant ever-greens
That deck the walks of Arno's Grove.

Where infant fancy learnt to soar,
Where friendship ripen'd into love;
Back, Mem'ry, and those scenes explore
Within the shades of Arno's Grove.

Reclin'd beneath the spreading oak,
Recall thy infant sports to view,
The frequent smile, the merry joke,
Each pleasing scene thy childhood knew.

The level lawn, the gaudy grot,
The glassy lake, the moss-grown sod;
The elms, that shade the sacred spot;
The spire, that marks the house of God.

Back, Mem'ry, trace those peaceful scenes,
When Pleasure bade my footsteps rove
Beneath the verdant ever-greens,
That deck the walks of Arno's Grove.

Kingsland. J. M.

IDYLLIUM,

TO MIRTH.

HASTE thee, Nymph, Contentment's child,
Offspring of a parent mild,
Blythesome Mirth! O, come! advance,
Hither lead thy festive dance;
Let the Graces of thy train
Hither keep their joyous reign;
Let them bring their flowing treasures,
Lasting joys, and soothing pleasures,
Spirits jocund as the May,
Ever sportive, ever gay.
Bring each sweet alluring wile,
Ev'ry unsuspicious smile;
Such as banish surly care,
Such as bid the passions e'er
In the breast unalter'd flow,
Such as smooth the angry brow;
Such as glow with chaste desire,
Purest virtue, Fancy's fire.
These, O, give! and something more,
From thy ever golden store:
Give thy sweetness to the heart
All its candour to impart;

Let it feel the ardent flame
Lighted under Friendship's name;
Let it taste, without alloy,
Ev'ry social, virtuous joy;
Then ev'ry pleasure here on earth
Will to thy op'ning charms give birth.
Haste then, Nymph, unto my cell;
For with thee I mean to dwell:
Thou o'er me shalt ever sway;
Thee, O! thee, I will obey.
For why should I now gloomy be?
Life was surely made for me.
Since all trouble is defin'd
But a frolic of the mind,
We shall find, where'er we go,
Comfort from some source doth flow.
If we look around, we see
Crowds more wretched far than we,
Who, from Poverty or Pain,
Raise the sorrow-stricken strain.
Never let us, then, repine
Whilst we share thy smiles benign;
For if to thee we give our care,
O, Mirth! we never can despair.
Come then, Goddess ever bright,
Fill each bosom with delight;
Let us, let us, e'er be free,
Courting Thee and Jollity:
Even now direct our will
With thy soft enchanting skill;
For if Thou such joys "canst give,
"Mirth, with Thee I mean to live."

Liverpool. J— B—WD—N.

CHARADE.

MY First forms part of man's frail frame,
Plac'd near the source of life, his heart;
'Tis what e'en females often name;
I would not wish a blush to start.

My Second is a term well known,
When card-taught Science prompts to play;
'Tis us'd in certain games alone,
And oft is seiz'd as lawful prey.

My Whole a famous town will shew,
Where Commerce spreads her fervid flame.
Ladies, my riddle soon you'll know;
Then deign to tell its compound name.

La February 2d, 1806. J. M. L.

ACROSTIC.

M IGHT I, lov'd maid, within a world of care,
A ttend thy steps, and all thy sorrows share,
R eturning seasons should new pleasures prove;
Y ear follow year but to encrease my love. T. C.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

I HAVE conceiv'd a certain thought,
Will your Enigma prove;
But should it not with truth be fraught,
I have but vainly strove.

'Tis true some few short years ago,
That men, in time of need,
Found a *Great Coat*, in rain or snow,
An useful friend indeed.

But Fortune, envying its state,
With changeful Fashion join'd,
To tear from it the name of *Great*,
Another name to find.

Robb'd of that ancient friend, its tail,
A *Spencer* it became:
Thus doth each worldly honor fail,
And vanish *like a name*. J. M. L.

Correspondence, &c.

It is not without regret that we find ourselves compelled to apologize for the non-insertion of the following Favors, which shall most assuredly appear in our next Number: "Stanzas to Eliza;"—"The School-Boy;"—"Poem addressed to the Parents of a young Lady on her Birth-Day;"—"Poor Ellen;"—*and* "Lines addressed to my Sister-in-Law."

The following are come to hand, and will appear in due course: "[illegible] on the Power of Love;"—Omicron's Caleb, the Son of Jo[illegible]hunneh;"—"J. M. L. on the Death of Lord Nelson;"—"J K—y's Tribute to the Memory of the same." "A Tribute to Bravery," by Susan;—*and* Mr. Fitch's "Enigma."

"Lines addressed to the Spirit of Major Brooks" *are affecting but not quite suitable for our Work.*

The figures in the verses on the "Dew Drop," *are rather too bold even with the utmost stretch of poetical licence.*

"On Winter" *is received, and approved.*

We must request some further specimens of Delineator, *before we can venture to begin the course of Essays he proposes.*

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WALKING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published Feb.1 1808 by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

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Duchess of Gordon

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharp, March 1806